

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



## NEWSPAPER

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No. 106.—VOL. V.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1857.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

### CRAWFORD, THE SCULPTOR.

MR. CRAWFORD, the eminent sculptor, whose death, so recent and untimely, has filled the country with sorrow, was originally intended for a merchant, but the dominant passion of his soul overruled parental designs, and he began the career of art. His first studies were with Fraser and Launitz, with whom he learnt the art of modelling in clay and carving in marble, and so rapid was his progress that he was, before the age of twenty-one, enabled to go to Rome to complete his studies. While in the "Eternal City," he had the good fortune to become acquainted with Thorwaldsen, who soon afterwards entertained the highest regard for his pupil, and predicted his future excellence. With the true spirit of his countrymen, Crawford was restless while a pupil, and he soon had a studio of his own, where he commenced many of the works which have gained him his reputation. He executed a great number of busts, and was successful in making portraits; but he had a distaste for this kind of work, and aspired to something higher than the modelling of portraits in plaster. The first classical subject which he executed was his famous statue of Orpheus, which remained a considerable time in his studio, in clay, before he received an order to execute it in marble. The order at last came from Boston, and the statue is now in the gallery of the Athenæum in that city. From that time the sculptor never lacked for commissions, and he successively executed many important works of a monumental character, besides a great number of bas-reliefs and busts. The last of his busts, we believe, was one of his wife, which was exhibited in New York a few years since. Among his more recent works were statues of Channing, Clay and Beethoven. The latter, cast in bronze, is in the Music Hall in Boston. But his great work was the heroic monument of Washington for Richmond, which was ordered by the State of Virginia. The equestrian figure of Washington, cast in bronze, has just arrived safely at its place of destination.

Mr. Crawford was in Rome twenty-three years, during which time he visited his native city but twice. About two years since there appeared a malignant tumor under his left eye. From the commencement the most painful apprehensions were felt as to the final termination of the threatening visitant. Although commanding the best surgical skill in Europe, his disease baffled all human exertion. About eight months only previous to his death he abandoned his studio, and in that time was a great sufferer, not only from physical pain, but because he was deprived of the power to pursue his favorite art. Gradually sinking under what finally proved to be a cancer, death relieved him from his sufferings on the morning of Saturday, the 10th of October, in the forty-fourth year of his age.

Crawford has left behind him many noble works, which will long preserve his name among the great artists of the



STATUE OF "AMERICA," FROM THE MODEL EXECUTED BY CRAWFORD FOR THE DOME OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL PHOTOGRAPHED BY MACHESON, OF ROME.

country; but he has been cut down before he could reap the full measure of his fame, which was so rapidly ripening while he lived that, had his life been preserved, he would have justified the most enthusiastic expectations of his numerous friends. Among the unfinished works are a number which, when completed, were to adorn the National Capitol at Washington—the most beautiful and perfect of which is the statue of America, which we produce as an illustration for our first page. At a glance it will be seen that it is one of the richest and most attractive productions of the kind (numerous as they are) that has ever been given to the public. It is twenty feet high, and as the model was finished by Mr. Crawford and purchased by the United States, we believe it will be produced in bronze, under the charge of Lieut. Meigs, and take its destined place on the dome of the Capitol. Mr. Crawford married Miss Louise Ward, daughter of the late Samuel Ward, banker, whom he leaves a widow, with four children. At the time of his death he was but forty-four years of age.

On Saturday noon, December 5th, the funeral of Mr. Crawford took place from St. John's Chapel, New York city; a church which the distinguished artist regularly attended before he took up his residence in Europe. There were present, beside the immediate relations and friends of the deceased, most of the leading literary and artistic celebrities of the metropolis, together with a large representation of distinguished citizens from every part of the Union. The ceremonies were conducted with all the solemnity peculiar to the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the large audience present witnessed them with the most profound feelings. The funeral ceremonies were performed by the Rev. Drs. Berrian, Weston and Dix. Among the pall-bearers were the Hon. Charles Sumner, long an intimate friend of the deceased, Henry T. Tuckerman and Mr. James Lenox. The remains were conveyed to Greenwood Cemetery, where they will repose in an appropriate place, and where will rise a monument as some slight token of the genius that inspired the heart and hand of the living artist.

### ART ITEMS.

MR. ELLIOTT has just completed a full-length portrait of Mr. Bacon, firm of Page & Bacon, Bankers, St. Louis, Mo. The picture is intended for the hall of the Mercantile Library Association of that city, in the establishment of which Mr. Bacon has been eminent for his zeal and liberality. We consider the picture one of the best ever executed by this distinguished artist; it is not only a portrait exact to life, but it is a history. We congratulate the people of St. Louis upon the fact that they will have in their possession such a splendid work of art, as also upon the fact that they claim as "one of their own," the gentleman



whose personal appearance the painting is intended to preserve on the immortal canvas.

The first exhibition in New York of paintings by modern artists of the French school, much to the satisfaction of the public, will be open until the 1st of January. The number of visitors increases daily, and a growing interest in our community is evident among our citizens in favor of works of art. Among the noticeable pictures are two by Rosa Bonheur. To Mr. Frodsham, the secretary to the exhibition, great praise is due for the manner he has introduced the collection to the public.

### HE COMES NOT YET.

BY SYLVIA SPRAY.

He comes not yet—and still I wait;  
Plague take the man, he's always late—  
I soon shall hate him quite;  
He said he'd come at half-past seven,  
No doubt it will be near eleven—  
'Twas so the other night.

I'm in a rage he treats me so,  
He cares not if I'm pleased or no,  
'Tis all the same to him;  
Oh! if he knew how sad am I,  
As each lone hour is passing by,  
My eyes with tears grow dim.

I will not love him any more—  
Ah! what was that—he's at the door—  
Oh! how my heart does beat;  
I'll scold him well when he comes in:  
No, 'tis not he, 'twas but a dun  
I heard upon the street.

O lagging hours, where are your wings?  
Fly swiftly till the hour that brings  
My husband to his wife:  
Ah! there he is at last, and I  
With joy upon his breast could die—  
I love him more than life.

### THE SALE OF A KINGDOM.

It was a masquerade in the wood of Ardennes, and the four o'clock sun streamed slantingly through the aisles of the great forest, and upon the varied costumes of the temporary inhabitants. Never since the days of Rosalind and Jacques had so motley a crowd danced beneath the umbrageous oaks, nor one half so splendid. Fine ladies of the court had thrown aside their hoops and powder, and stepped out in the native dignity of peasant girls, or ascended into a blinding guise of borrowed royalty. Atalanta with buskins and apples, Diana with crescent and bow, and the muses and dryads all mingled their gay array with gods and satyrs, Turks and yeomen. The dancers were swinging round like a band of reeling bacchantes among the tree-tops, when one withdrew fatigued, and wandering to a little distance, flung herself on the sward beneath wide-spread branches. Dressed as a sea-nymph, she went by the name of Nathalie, and was by far the loveliest one among all the merry masqueraders; and no doubtless thought the tall and graceful Apollo, who, with golden curls clustering round his temples, and golden arrows slung across his shoulders, joined her.

"It is not," said he, "the first time that Nathalie has been seen by her sister; once or twice before in the evening shade of these woods has Le Norman worshipped her beauty, but never in guise so costly as now. What spell has come over the maid of Ardennes?"

Nathalie slowly rose, showing in every motion the waving grace of a true sea-nymph, and stood leaning against the tree stem before him; her flowing robe was of an iridescent pearly-colored stuff, changing now to the suggestion of a pale blue, now to the soft flesh tint of a shell, and now to a deep, watery sheet of sea-green. Slender branches of scarlet coral made a vivid splendor in her dark hair, and hanging from their tips a veil of lace fell down and half-smothered the glow and sparkle of jewels that adorned her. Diamonds flickered with every breath upon her bosom, as she sat there in the sunbeams; wreaths of mock-sea-weed fringed festoon-wise round her skirt, and rubies, emeralds and opals, strewn with a profuse hand on her attire, and glistening with lavish lustre, transformed her into the image of one who, just rising from the sea, was blushing with the myriad dazzling waterdrops that dripped away from her, each first hiding in its bosom a sunbeam of this upper world to carry down into the still depths of twilight cave.

"Monsieur has perchance thought," returned she, "that because I lived with foster-parents in a hut among these woods, I had no ancestors; that because I wore russet I could never wear satin; that because I decked my hair with flowers I had, therefore, no priceless hairdresses. Monsieur, these jewels have been in our family more than six hundred years!"

"And my family scarcely counts beyond that," said the young man.

"And monsieur has then a family and a name?" said she.

"None nobler in the kingdom," he replied. "But, Nathalie, how came you here?"

"Ah, the marchioness was my mother's friend," said Nathalie, "and to-day is my birthday, Le Norman. To-day I am fifteen."

"So young and so lovely!" thought Le Norman. "And if she loves me (as I cannot doubt she does), born to how much trouble!" And he remembered, with a double pang of both exquisite joy and pain, the emotion manifested by her on the occasion of a slight accident to him. Then he thought her a wild, charming forest girl, beautiful enough to beguile an hour away, although doubting even then if his feelings towards her were not too deep for trifling. Now he found her of a certain noble rank—but what of that! It must be a high rank indeed which would smite down the barrier between them; and a nurse in different religious faiths, inexorable state laws would intervene, should all prosper, and prevent their union. He should never dare to tell her of his love; she would recover her affections in a little while, if he were silent, and he happy again—he would not entail wretchedness on her young life—he would never speak. Having made this doubtful resolution, while his thoughts were almost written on his face, he hummed a snatch of the distant dancingsong before he spoke again.

"And of what was Nathalie thinking? Of sorrowful things, if her face was any index. It was a moment before he dared trust himself to look at her; at last when he raised his head her dark eyes were fixed on him, welling over with tears. There is a moment of weakness that is irresistible; if he had withstood now he had been more than human. He need not ask if she loved him—he knew it. He need not wear his love for her—she would feel that. He took her in his arms, and lulled the grief that then first broke forth, with tenderest kisses and most endearing sentences. Alas for Nathalie!

A month had passed, and every day had witnessed an interview between the two lovers of the wood; and when, once, half tremblingly, Nathalie had requested to know the name of her lover, an almost stern tone had come into his voice as he bade her not inquire again; and with a strange pain in his face, he warned her that, as it was, she would know all too soon.

"At least you are not one whom I need be ashamed to love?" she ventured to remark.

"Not that, indeed, my darling!" he replied; "but one who, knowing what she is, and what she is to be, should be ashamed to love you!" And Nathalie, feeling he could do nothing wrong, was satisfied.

Now she sat in the drawing-room of her friend the marchioness, in full dress, awaiting her lover, who was to accompany and present her at court. A coach dashed up to the door; another moment, and Le Norman stood in the apartment, with flushed cheeks, and an anxious, vivid brightness in his restless eyes. As the marchioness turned and beheld his face, she began a sudden exclamation, but it was instantly checked by his warning look, and they were soon rolling along to the royal palace.

Whenever Nathalie had seen her lover before it had been in his simple hunting-dress, or that of some fancy disguise. Now, in court costume almost too dazzling Nathalie thought, he could not look better than he did in the woods; and her heart swelled with joy as she thought of the happy rustic life she should lead for all her future with this titled forester, who despised rank and earthly baubles; and she pleased herself with delicious images of quiet contentment as they rolled along. Coaches in the street made way for them by the flaring gaslight; ushers at the palace door swept open long avenues through the noble crowd, who respectfully withdrew. Bowing to the right and left, Le Norman, with Nathalie upon his arm, and the marchioness following directly behind the chamberlain, passed the halls and staircase, swept through the ante-room till the doors of the throne-room were thrown open, and they entered; while lords and ladies, who had been and still were patiently awaiting their turn, stepped aside. If the brilliancy of the ante-rooms had seemed gorgeous, what must the flood of lustre have appeared to the bewildered eyes as Le Norman paused at the threshold, giving her hand a lingering and reassuring pressure!

Hitherto depending on him, she had been only the shrinking girl of Ardennes; now, and as it were instantaneously, a new force seemed to develop within her—her figure grew a shadow more erect, the rich folds of her garment shook out with a somewhat proud grace—a prescience of what was to come seemed to surround and strengthen her. She cast her eyes round on the magnificent throng, and prouder and statelier than any empress, swept up the noble vista to the king. A moment, with Jove-like thunders gathering on eye and brow, the old monarch gazed on the approaching pair, while all the court anticipated his action, and were smacking their mental lips over the expected scene. But like a balmy, summer wind dispersing the clouds of tempest, a passing smile scattered the frowns; and advancing a step or two, the king briefly exclaimed, in a voice inaudible to any but them—"Son!"

"Father," said Le Norman, in the same tone, "wooing a peasant girl, I have found the Lady Nathalie d'Arenne."

While he spoke, Nathalie and the king measured each other with undaunted eyes. "The prince, in his present passing fancy," said the king, "does the court honor. Let us hope that when this boy's freak is finished, the Lady Nathalie will regard it as leniently as I do! Mademoiselle, your father rendered me distinguished services; but for him I should have lost my kingdom. Command from me any favor!"

"Sire," answered Nathalie, "beyond protection from royal and princely favors during the reception, I neither ask nor will receive any favors from your majesty." And with a courtesy as superb as the least possible loyal submission could render so graceful an action, she sailed between king and prince, and stood beside the marchioness, a little in the rear upon the right of the unoccupied throne.

"Well, sir," said the king to Le Norman, in the same low tone, savage in its almost inaudible intensity and slow pronunciation, while sunbeams could not equal the benignity beaming on his noble face, "well, sir, I have heard something of this before. I was not unprepared. A pretty affair you have made out of nothing!"

"Sire, I am in earnest," said Le Norman. "And no man, you graceful wretch!" returned the king. "Must you drag into court all your awkward country flames?"

"I have never before intruded, I believe," said Le Norman.

"So much the worse now," said his father, "to find you entangled so uselessly at this late day!"

"Could you, sire, choose in any royal house of Europe a queenlier bride?"

"By heaven, young man, you won't want a queen till you are king! And if you think of this again, I'll declare your brother heir in your stead."

"Sire," said Le Norman, with coolness, "nothing would better please me!"

"Then, if that's your cue," returned his father, "you shall be both heir and king."

"I will not consent to be either on any other terms than that my wife be Queen Nathalie," said Le Norman.

"Your wife!" whispered the exasperated king. "Has the boy ruined me? Are you married to her, sirrah?"

But not deigning to reply, Le Norman bowed, and stepping aside joined Nathalie, while the chamberlain immediately continued the presentations. They stood in the shadow of a curtain, and as Le Norman again drew Nathalie's arm into his, with a decided gesture she withdrew it, and only lightly laying her hand on his, gazed steadily into his face. What reproach, what passion, what great sorrow suffused her countenance! Though he could not have helped loving her, nor, as we have seen, forbore vowing fidelity to her, yet his heart smote him that he had ever concealed his rank.

"You would never have loved me, Nathalie, if I had told you," murmured Le Norman. "Forgive me—fortune will favor us—I shall yet make you my wife—we shall yet be happy!"

A sudden dizziness, like the precursor of a swoon, overcame him, and in the mist of it her voice tolled out low and clear as a bell upon sultry air, the one word "Impossible!"

Great must have been her self-control; for in this moment of bitter pain, disappointment, and emotion, so lightly had her fingers touched his hand, that he was not aware when the pressure ceased; but only felt her face receding, as a vision fades, while she flitted backward and away from him into the throng, and out among side arches. With a low moan he reeled and fell; caught by an attendant, he was borne unsmiling to his own apartments, and the gaiety of the others continued. Thus frequently under the gayest masque are the saddest tragedies enacted.

Scarcely had Nathalie gained a remote corridor, when a sudden rush and murmur proclaimed that the king had withdrawn and that the audience was broken up. While she paused to look around her she became sensible of an approaching step, and in a moment the king appeared, and taking her hand, led her into a private apartment, and courteously requested her to be seated.

"Madame," said he, sternly, while seating himself opposite, "by what authority do you receive my son's addresses?"

Nathalie raised her eyes, and with her head somewhat thrown back, answered, "I must be addressed altogether differently before I reply at all."

"Perhaps the Lady Nathalie will instruct her slave in some suitable conversational terms!" said the king, his face slightly on one side, his eyes leering upon her, and in his most insinuating manner, nevertheless, in any voice was ever plainly suggestive of scaffolds and broad-axes, this was one.

Nathalie, forest girl as she was, could not condescend to battle the king with these his own weapons, and as there did not appear to be any other, she thought best to make a faint of surrender, and calmly said, "I had wished to leave your majesty possession of your son. He assured, I had no knowledge of the prince's rank when he offered me marriage. My religious faith will now be an inviolable bar to his wishes. I love Le Norman the hunter; I will never wed your son the prince!"

"Madame," returned the king, "your frankness charms me! You have truly made me your friend. My son, I confess it is more than a match for me. If you had been the daughter of a grand duke or a minor king, I would not have whispered a word against your faith; but, as you well know, my kingdom, though recent, is important, and will become more so, strengthened by a royal alliance. Still, generous as you are, to resign your lover, human nature is not infallible; it were too much to expect this of you. Let me guard you, lest you always be your friend. And as a proof of it, let me offer you my most worthy husband in the person of the Count d'Entremur!"

The indignation of Nathalie was too great for utterance; but at last, as the king continued his harangue, it broke forth in wild and angry protest.

"Allow me at least to convey the future countess to a place not so liable to listeners," he said; and Nathalie accompanied him, perforce through several devious ways till they stood in the dimly-lighted palace chapel. "Now, madame," said the king, who had so lately professed friendship, and now speaking in his lowest tones, "I give you a choice. This is what is called a civilized community; nevertheless you are completely in my power. You have not a relative in the world! If you do not comply with my demands I have dungeons so deep that for all your life you will never see daylight again. Neither do I shrink from such terrific resources, although loath to mention them to ears polite, as starvation, tight girds, hot irons—"

"I can never be frightened into submission," she said, interrupting him haughtily.

"Let me urge you, then," said the king, "while you are single, my son will never complete the alliance I design. He will be wretched and unhappy; while, if you marry, he will resign himself to forgetfulness. Do you wish to be the cause of his misery? I have no great affection in my nature; it is chiefly pride; therefore all those pangs which I threaten you I will inflict upon him, if you disobey. You can go forward to the altar, where the Count d'Entremur awaits you, or back the way we came. In the latter case my guards will attend upon you, and you will be forced to witness how bravely the prince endures his tortures!"

It is not likely the king would have performed an iota of this grandiloquent threat; but Nathalie would have given credence to any evil from him. She trembled an instant, and then with a firm step went forward, placed her hand in the Count d'Entremur's—never seen by her before—and being quickly and irrevocably pronounced his wife, received the congratulations of the smiling king and the few witnesses. Leaving against the altar, pallid and cold as sculpture, the first object her married eyes discerned was Le Norman. He moved forward, with an expression as if every second of time was a sharp sword that stabbed him, and appeared to offer his compliments.

"What art thou?" he murmured, "what sincerity! what constancy! Madame la Comtesse is as firm as a rock in her determination to be faithless as shifting sand!"

Time, too fast for the most of us, lagged sadly with the young countess, scarcely more than a child, as she sighed far away in distant France, and from the windows of her chateau watched the shadows come and go on the purple Pyrenean slopes, while her husband was absent the greater part of his time at Paris, or at the court she had so lately left. Time passed not so slowly with the prince; indeed, Le Norman witnessed a thousand events for every one in the monotonous years of the Countess d'Entremur. Having recovered from the first severe shock of his loss and disappointment, with the native energy of his nature, not deeming it right to waste his life in idle despair, he wonderfully bestirred himself—superintending the education of his brother, arranging scientific expeditions, and performing all duties devolving upon him, but steadfastly refusing the royal honors urged by his father, and clinging to the loose fragments of the love of earlier days.

Ten years had passed—since the death of his father and his own coronation—his brother had entered into manhood, and Le Norman, as the king, had already commanded the admiration of all Europe by his daring genius, when the Count d'Entremur appeared again at court after a short absence, and for the first time since his marriage brought with him the countess. Of course all the world were on the qui vive to behold the meeting; but all the world found very little satisfaction in the calm, nonchalant air of the countess, as she received the rather sarcastically polite welcome of the king; for though not quite twenty-five, she was in the full vigor and bloom of womanhood, and perhaps lovelier, and with a better balanced mind than if she had not experienced those long, lonely years.

A few weeks had elapsed, and in one of the sea-shore palaces the whole court were engaged in summer festivities. The royal abode was on a cliff, which afforded in front of the building a promenade of several hundred yards, and abruptly terminating in a precipice, whose base was washed by the sea. On this cliff, one afternoon, a party of courtiers—among whom was the king, his brother, and the Countess d'Entremur—were watching the approach of a small boat, which, out on a fishing excursion, could hardly hope to make the shore before the squall should burst upon it. Erect in the prow, a keen eye could not fail to recognize the lofty figure of the Count d'Entremur.

Leaving breathlessly over the cliff, Nathalie remained with her eyes fixed on the boat; for although she had no manner of affection for the husband forced upon her, she could not view his danger with indifference. He was so near that the wind might be seen lifting his hair, when the little boat cracked and broke, and dashed the boat down, and precipitated the occupants into the roaring gulf. He was a strong swimmer; for after every wave broke his crest over him, he was seen riding the next one triumphant. Now lost to sight, now again appearing, now supporting a fainting comrade, and now with rapid strokes parting the waves—a weaker man would have sunk long ago. The rain and the spray mingled their strength with the wind and the waves, and a thick white curling mist arose and hung around him, closing him out from the sight of his wife, and hiding his beacon star from him. At last the wind veered, and the mist cleared away; little patches of blue sky smiled out from the south and west, and the waves roared to and fro in the stray sunshine. The countess still strained her

eyes, surveying the broad vacant expanse, but neither count nor fisherman was there; and at the end of an hour's intense watching, three bodies were tossed high upon the strand. One was that of the Count d'Entremur. Nathalie, with outstretched hands, instantly fell senseless.

A year's seclusion—due not to grief, but to respect—had passed, and the last echoes of Ardennes had lulled Nathalie, for the moment, into complete forgetfulness of the last seven years—and again she sat beneath the oaks, and plucked the flowers growing in the self-same nook as in her girlhood. All but the first fifteen years of her life seemed visionary as a dream; and consonant with all around, the distant hugh of some royal hunting party stole upon her ear like "horns of old-land faintly blowing." And thus when she stood before her in a garb of Lincoln-green, leading a red roan steed, it seemed as if all the interval had never been; and looking up merrily, she said, "It is my birthday to-day, Le Norman! I am—" but here, as she would have said "fifteen," memory rushed back on her, and hiding her face in her hands, she turned and would have fled, but his voice sternly arrested her.

"Stay a moment, madame!" he commanded. "Since Providence has thrown us once more together, let me return to you the troth you once gave me. It was broken by you, and rendered valueless to me, eleven years ago."

With a certain wild vehemence, she exclaimed, turning at bay upon him, "I was forced to break it! Had it been true troth, you had died in torture first! It was to save you from dying in torture that I sacrificed myself to worse than death—more than torture—to marrying d'Entremur!"

A moment or two he regarded her, then said, "I have taken shame to myself for eleven years that I could not overcome my passion, while feeling its object to be faithless. Must I undo the work of so long a time?" She returned him no answer. "If that were done," he resumed; but she interrupted him.

"Your cruel father's death has not left in the inexorable state laws one obstacle the less!"

"I can annihilate all obstacles," he returned, triumphantly. Silence followed. Some time they thus stood confronting each other; at length he said, "A singular fancy strikes me, Nathalie. It is your birthday. How old are you, my friend?"

"I am fifteen," she returned.

"And I nineteen," said he. "It seems to me that an hour ago we plighted troth. Is it so?"

Not many days had elapsed ere a strange rumor flew trumpet-tongued through the kingdom, and was proclaimed officially to all the crowned heads of Europe. More than one king of different realms had congregated in this capital, and an universal wonder was displayed in the countenance of every subject and plenipotentiary.

The seventh of October, with all the sweet decadence of summer in the air, came, and the cathedral was thronged for a triple ceremony. The procession left the palace to the sound of loud, pleasant music; amid the shouts and blessings of the populace upon Le Norman, "the dear king," and in the cathedral, in the presence of subjects and brother kings, Le Norman took the crown from his own head and placed it on his brother's; and when a further ceremony of coronation was finished, knelt as count only of his paternal heritage, and was the first among his brother's new subjects to swear fealty.

The new king stepped aside, while all the world wondered the reason of so great a sacrifice. The reason? It came through the open door of an inner chapel, whence Nathalie, unattended by any one save the spirit of radiant beauty, issued, and advancing, placed her hand in that of the abdicated king, Le Norman; and beneath the benedictory hands of the patriarchal archbishop, was declared the wife of the Count of Nassau.

### THE MAIDEN WHO WAS WISER THAN THE EMPEROR.

THERE was once a poor man, who dwelt in a hut, and gained his livelihood by begging. He had an only daughter, whom heaven had gifted with extraordinary wisdom, and who, little by little, taught her father to speak so wisely that, one day when he had gone to ask alms of the emperor, the latter was astonished at the wisdom with which he spoke, and demanded who had taught him to speak so sagely. The poor man replied that it was his daughter; and the emperor, being very wise himself, and proud of his wisdom, resolved to put that of the poor man's daughter to the test. So he gave the poor man thirty eggs, and said, "Take these to thy daughter, and bid her get them hatched into thirty pullets. If she refuses to obey, evil will befall her!"

The poor man burst into tears, for he saw that the eggs had been all boiled. But when he reached home, and told his daughter all that had passed, she bade him be cheerful, and retire to rest, telling him that he need fear no danger. She then took a pot of water, put a handful of beans into it, and placed it over the fire; and on the morrow, when her father had risen, she gave him the boiled beans, and told him to take his spade and dig a trench in a certain field, by which the emperor would pass as he went out hunting, adding, "And as the emperor passes by, take the beans and sow them in the trench, and say aloud, 'God be gracious, and grant that my hatched beans may spring up quickly!' Then, if the emperor asks how it is possible for boiled beans to grow, reply that it is as easy for them to grow as for a pullet to be hatched from a boiled egg."

The poor man did as his daughter had instructed him. He took his spade and dug a trench in a field by the side of the highway, and when he saw the emperor coming, he began to sow his beans in the trench, and to say aloud, "God be gracious, and grant that my boiled beans may spring up quickly!" When the emperor heard these words, he stopped, and asked how it was possible for boiled beans to grow? Whereupon the poor man answered, "Gracious emperor, it is as easy for these beans to spring up as for a pullet to be hatched from a boiled egg."

The emperor divined who it was that had arranged this stratagem, and in order to try still more the maiden's wisdom, he gave her father a small packet of hemp, and said, "Take this to thy daughter, and bid her make me from it as many sails and ropes as are necessary for a ship. If she refuse to obey, her head shall pay the forfeit."

The poor man was sorely troubled at these words, but he took the small packet of hemp, and returned to his daughter, weeping all the way. When he told his daughter what had passed, she again comforted him, and bade him be cheerful, and retire to rest and fear no danger. On the morrow, when he had arisen, she gave him a little piece of wood, and said, "Take this to the emperor, and say that if he will cut me out of it a spinning-wheel, a loom and a shuttle, then will I do that which he has commanded."

The poor man did as his daughter had instructed him, and when he had delivered her message, the emperor was more than ever astonished at her wisdom. He put her to a new trial; he took a drinking cup, and said to the poor man, "Take this to thy daughter, and bid her empty the sea with it, that the bed of the sea may be dry enough to grow corn. If she refuse to obey, both her head and thine own shall pay the forfeit."

At this the poor man was more terrified than ever. But when he returned home, and told his daughter what the emperor had commanded, the maiden comforted him the third time, and bade him be cheerful and retire to rest and fear no danger. And on the morrow, when he had arisen, she gave him a pound of tow, and said to him, "Take this to the emperor, and say that if he will stop it with the mouths and the springs of all the rivers in the world, then will I do that which he has commanded."

Again the poor man did according to his daughter's counsel, and when he delivered her message, the emperor acknowledged that she was wiser than he was himself, and commanded that she should at once be brought before him. When she had come into his presence, and had saluted him, he said to her, "My daughter, tell me what can be heard the farthest off?" and she answered, "Gracious emperor, thunder and a falsehood."

The emperor then took his beard into his hand, and demanded of his counselors how much it was worth. When they had all placed upon it a value, some a greater and some a less, the maiden said, "Most gracious emperor, none of thy counselors have answered well. The beard of the emperor is worth as much as three showers of rain in a dry summer."

These words delighted the emperor, who declared that the maiden had answered better than all his counselors. He then asked her if she would become his wife, saying that he would only receive one answer. The maiden prostrated herself before him, and replied, "Gracious emperor, it is thine to command, and mine to obey what thou hast commanded. Let me ask of thee but one thing, namely, that thou shalt give me a writing, written with thine own hand, promising that if it ever should be thy will to send me away, I may carry with me from thy castle whatever single thing I may love best."

The emperor gave her the writing which she asked, and then had her placed upon his throne beside him.

For many summers the empress was the beloved of her husband, and in time it came to pass that he ceased to cherish her. He then said to her one day, "I do not wish thee any longer to be my wife. Leave my castle, and go wherever thou wilt."

"Illustrious emperor, I will obey thee. Grant me only that I may stay until to-morrow."

The emperor granted what she asked, and in the evening she poured some of the juice of a certain herb into a cup of wine, and procured it to be drunk by him. "Drink, illustrious emperor, and be happy! To-morrow I go away, and to-morrow I shall be more joyful than I was even on my marriage morn."

The emperor drank, and soon his eyelids became heavy, and he fell asleep. While he slept, the empress had him lifted into a carriage, which stood in readiness, and then conveyed him into a distant grotto, which she had long ago prepared in anticipation of such an emergency. When the emperor awoke, and found himself in the grotto, he urgently demanded how he had come thither.

"I have had you brought here," replied the empress.

Then he asked her very angrily wherefore she had done this, adding, "Did I not say that thou shouldst no longer be my wife?"

The empress took out of her bosom the writing which the emperor had given her before her wedding, prostrated herself upon the ground, and answered, "It is true, illustrious emperor; but this writing, which was written with thine own hand, accorded me the right to bring with me, when I quitted thy castle, whatsoever I might love the best. I exercised my right, and brought thee, most gracious emperor."

When the emperor heard these words, he rose and went to seek her so faithful and wise a wife. So he embraced her, and returned with her to the castle; and they two sat thereafter side by side upon the throne for many summers; and when the autumn came at last, death reaped them both together, like a double ear of corn.



## A COLUMN OF GOLD.

"Bob, Harry Smith has one of the greatest curiosities you ever saw."

"Don't say so—what is it?"

"A tree which never sprouts, and which becomes smaller the older it grows."

"Well, that is a curiosity. Where did he get it?"

"From California."

"What is the name of it?"

"Axe tree! It once belonged to a California emigrant."

**MIND YOUR PRONUNCIATION.**—An ingenious English statesman having charged an officer of the Government with dishonesty, was required to retract it before the House of Commons, which he did in the following words: "I said he was dishonest, it is true, and I am sorry for it."

This was satisfactory. But what was his surprise, the following day, to see said retraction printed in the paper thus: "I said he was dishonest; it is true, and I am sorry for it."

Thus, by a single transposition of a comma and semicolon, the ingenious slanderer represented himself as not only having made no retraction, but as having reiterated the charge.

**THE AMIABLE RETORT.**—"How are you, Smith?" said Jones. Smith pretends not to know him, and replies hesitatingly, "Sir, you have the advantage of me." "Yes," retorts Jones, "I suppose everybody has that's got common sense." Smith looks unhappy.

**THE EVIL OF DEAFNESS.**—One day, at the table of the late Dr. Pass (Dean of Ely), just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality among the lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months."

The dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace:

"For this and every other mercy, the Lord's name be praised!"

The effect was irresistible.

## GATHER RIPE FRUITS, OH DEATH!

Gather ripe fruits, oh Death!  
Strew not the pathway of the tomb with flowers,  
Invade not childhood with thy withering breath,  
Pass on, and touch not youth's bright sunny bowers.

There are enough for these  
Of hearts that long for thy serene repose,  
That faint among the lowly-laid would be,  
Pierced deep with festering wounds that will not close.

Go to the desolate,  
Whom thou hast robbed of every star-bright thing,  
On whom the smiles of hope no longer wait,  
Whose love have passed upon the morning's wing.

Go to the wearied frame,  
That seeks to slumber on the grave's cold breast,  
That finds life's pleasures but an empty name,  
And longs to flee away and be at rest.

Go to the saints of God,  
Whose souls are weary of the world and sin,  
Who vain would tread the path their Saviour trod,  
And greet the tomb that lets heaven's glories in.

Take these, take these to rest,  
But smile not childhood in its mirthful play,  
Snatch not the infant from its mother's breast,  
Steal not the loved and loving ones away!

Gather ripe fruits, oh Death!  
Strew not the pathway of the tomb with flowers,  
Invade not childhood with thy withering breath,  
Pass on, and touch not youth's bright sunny bowers.

## MEDICAL NOMENCLATURE—SCENE IN A DRUGGIST'S SHOP.

Enter Groom: "A pennyworth of 'squashy.'"

Druggist: "Quassia?"

Groom: "Yes."

Exit groom with quassia.

Enter Country Lad: "A penny's worth of 'peculiar ointment.'"

Druggist: "Mercurial ointment?"

Country Lad: "Ay."

Exit country lad with mercurial ointment.

Enter Old Woman: "A pennyworth o' 'policemen's pills.'"

Druggist: "Colocynthis pills?"

Old Woman: "Yes."

Exit old woman with colocynthis pills.

**LOGOLOGASTICISM.**—A clever literary critic has discovered that Coleridge's poem of the "Ancient Mariner" is highly illogical, and after a careful perusal of it, got quite out of patience with the hero. "Why the dickens didn't he row ashore, when he was becalmed?" asked the critic; "he must have had the ship's boats at his service." Not knowing exactly what to say, yet still wishing to defend the poem, we mildly suggested that the Mariner hadn't any oars, perhaps. "Nonsense," replied our critic; "what if he hadn't—the bones of the crew were lying about on the deck, and nothing would have been easier than for him to take a pair of skulls and go ashore at any time!" We acknowledged, and don't think the "Ancient Mariner" half so good as it is cracked up to be.

**THE WINDY ORATOR.**—A windy orator, after a lengthy effort, stopped for a drink of water.

"I rise," said Bloss, "to a point of order."

Everybody stared, in wonder what the point of order was.

"What is it?" said the speaker, "a drink of water?"

"I think, sir," said Bloss, "it is out of order for a windmill to go by water."

**A SCIENTIFIC QUESTION SETTLED.**—A distinguished member of the American Scientific Congress, who has taken an active part in discussing the various experiments for rendering the rotation of the earth on its axis visible to the naked eye, was lately quite astonished by the sudden intrusion into his library of his negro servant Sam, who exclaimed, with a triumphant air, "Ho, massa! You's right. De earl does rotate on its axle-tree—exactly. I've seen it—just as plain as a cartwheel." "Indeed," said the astronomer, dipping a pen in his inkstand, preparatory to making an accurate record of his servant's experience; "now, Sam, my boy, how was it? Be precise in your statements." "Yes, massa. You see I put double the usual quantity of brandy in the water—"

"What do you mean, you rascal!" exclaimed the philosopher, enraged at the idea of being imposed upon, and of having his favorite theory held up to ridicule. "Don't be angry, massa," said Sam; "it am a fact. I put double de usual quantity of brandy in de water, and in five minutes after I drank it I saw de earl rotate on its axle-tree wid a certainty dat was significant to bof my naked eyes."

"I am a great gun," said a tipsy typo, who had been on a bender for a week, "and the foreman, 'you are a great gun and half cocked, and you can consider yourself discharged.'"

**THE AGUE.**—The following lines (not to be found in "Hiawatha") describe the dreadful sufferings of one having the fever:

He took the ague badly,  
And it shook him, shook him sorely;  
Shook his boots off, and his tennails;  
Shook his teeth out, and his hair off;  
Shook his coat all into tatters,  
And his shirt all into ribbons;  
Shook his boots and tennails loose,  
Still it shook him, shook him till it  
Made him yellow, gaunt, and bony;  
Shook him till he reached his deathbed;  
Shook him till it shook for him  
Off his mortal coil, and then it  
Having made him cold as could be,  
Shook the earth still down upon him,  
And he still lies 'neath his gravestone,  
Ever shivering, shivering, shivering.

"Boy, what's become of the hole you had in your pants the other day?"

"It's worn out, sir."

**DANIEL WEBSTER SAID:** "If we work upon marble it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples they will crumble into dust. But if we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with high principles, with the just fear of God and of their fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which no time can efface, but which will brighten to all eternity."

**AN ENTHUSIASTIC OFFICER** speaking of a new prima donna, says:

"Her voice is as soft as a roll of velvet, and as tender as a pair of soap-shop pantalons."

**WELSH SIMPLICITY.**—A lady entered her kitchen the other day, and found the oven smoking with grease. On asking the servant, a Welsh girl, the cause, the Cambrian maid answered, with the greatest simplicity, "Look you, missus, the candle was fell in the water and I put her in the oven to dry."

**A SMART REPARTEE.**—A good story is told of a sheriff who came nearly being outdone by a person it was in the line of his duty to hang.

"Sir," said the gentleman, as the sheriff was carefully adjusting the rope, "really your attentions deserve my thanks. In fact, I do not know of one I should rather have hanged me."

"Really," said the sheriff, "you are pleased to be complimentary. I do not know of another individual it would give me so much pleasure to hang."

**A VERY GOOD-TEMPERED GENTLEMAN.**—A very long nose, was one day walking down a narrow street, two or three very quizzical ladies, with very ill grace, paused in their way, and looked steadily at the gentleman's nose; when he good-naturedly placed his finger on its tip, and pressing it on one side, laughingly said, "Now, ladies, you have room to pass."

## CHESS.

## Answers to Correspondents.

All communications intended for the Chess department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

## RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE NEW YORK CHESS CLUB.

1. That the Society meet every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, at 7 P. M., and that the rooms be closed at eleven.
2. That the annual subscription for each member be eight dollars, to be paid in advance to the proprietor of the rooms, the subscription to commence at the date of entrance.
3. That if the subscription be not paid within two months, a fine of half a dollar shall be imposed; and if not paid within three months the member shall be considered as having resigned, except in case of illness or absence from town.
4. That new members may be admitted on application to the Secretary of the Club.
5. That any member may introduce a friend occasionally, if residing in New York or its vicinity, if non-resident, for such period as he may remain in New York, not exceeding two months.
6. That the editors of the New York press be admitted at the Club as honorary members.
7. That the affairs of the Society shall be under the management of its officers, consisting of a President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, who shall be elected annually by ballot on the third Thursday in May.
8. That the officers (any three of whom shall constitute a quorum) have the power to elect non-resident honorary members, enjoying the same privileges as subscribers.
9. That to make any alterations in the Rules, at least two weeks notice in writing must be given to the officers, who shall select a convenient evening for the discussion, a majority of votes to be conclusive.
10. That no betting be allowed.
11. That no wines, spirits or malt liquors shall be introduced into the Club rooms; nor shall smoking be allowed except in one of the rooms to be designated.
12. That if a member break any of the Chessman's he must replace the same.
13. That any spectator who shall interfere with the game of a party by speaking or offering an opinion on their play whilst the game is proceeding, shall be fined two cents.
14. That the laws of the game, as published in Mr. Howard Staunton's and Mr. George Walker's treatises on Chess, shall be adopted.
15. That no other game than Chess be allowed during the hours of meeting.
16. That the rooms be closed from the 15th of June to the 1st of October.
17. That each member sign the Rules.

Answers to correspondents unavoidably deferred until next week.

## OUR FRIENDS

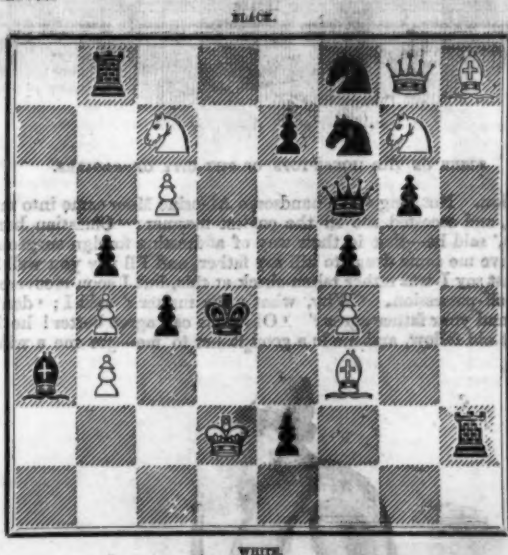
Will please notice that it was our intention to have sent to them by mail copies of the Rules and Regulations of the New York Chess Club, but we found it utterly impossible from the numerous calls made upon us—time being somewhat limited; therefore we hasten to publish them in this week's issue, trusting that it may be accepted as a sufficient apology for our tardiness.

Blank diagrams printed on good paper can be had by addressing the Chess Editor of this paper. Price \$1.50 per hundred.

AN IMPORTANT MATCH is now progressing between Messrs. P. Morphy and C. H. Stanley. It stands up to Dec. 4th as follows:

Mr. M. the winner of.....3  
Mr. S. ....1  
Drawn.....0  
The winner of the first seven games to be declared victor of the match.

**PROBLEM CV.**—(Le Carré Magique, ou le Roi cerné).—By J. D. of Portland, Me.—White to play and mate with Q B in eight moves.



**GAME CV.**—(THE TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENSE).—Played by Mr. LOUIS PAULSEN, blindfold, against Master FRANK GRAY; Mr. P. playing another game with Mr. HUGO STERN at the same time.

For this interesting game we are indebted to Mr. FRERE, Secretary of the Brooklyn Chess Club.

BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.
Master Gray.	Mr. Paulsen.	Master Gray.	Mr. Paulsen.
1 P to K4	P to K4	20 R to KB2	R to KB3
2 K Kt to B5	K Kt to B5	21 P to K Kt4	Kt to KB (c)
3 B to QB4	K Kt to B5	22 R to K Kt4	Kt to Q5
4 K Kt to K5	P to Q4	23 Q to KB3 (d)	Q to K Kt5
5 P to K3	Q Kt to R4	24 R to KB3	Kt to Q1 P
6 P to Q3	B to Q3	25 R to Q Kt1	Q to K Kt6 (ch)
7 B to K3	Kt to B3	26 Q to K Kt2	Kt to Q6
8 R P to Kt	Kt to Q P	27 P to Q Kt4	Kt to K3
9 Castles	Castles	28 Kt to B3	Q to K P5
10 P to QB4	Kt to K2	29 Kt to Q3	R to K Kt4
11 Kt to QB3	P to K B4	30 K to K B3	Kt to K R P
12 Kt to Q Kt5 (a)	P to K B5	31 Q to Kt	Q to K (ch)
13 Kt to B	Q B P to Kt	32 Q to K Kt2	Q to Q
14 Kt to K B3	Kt to K Kt3	33 K to Q	Q R to Q B
15 R to K5	P to Q Kt3	34 P to Q Kt5	R to Kt5
16 P to K B3	B to Q Kt2	35 K to K R3	P to K R4
17 Kt to R2	P to K B4 (b)	36 B to Q R4	B to K5
18 P to K B3	Q to K Kt4	37 P to P	R to K R3 (ch) (c)
19 R to K2	Kt to K R5		

## NOTES TO GAME CV.

- (a) We should have preferred P to K B4.
- (b) An excellent move; purposely inviting the advance of P to K Kt3.
- (c) Very pretty, all this. Mr. P.'s blindfold playing is remarkable for its scientific and accurate combinations.
- (d) Why not play B to Q2?
- (e) It is really astonishing what powers Mr. P. possesses when playing without seeing the board. It strikes us forcibly that he plays full as well thus as with the board before him. The task of playing five games simultaneously is without a parallel; he seems to accomplish it with no seeming exertion. We have but one fault to find against Mr. P.: it is his excessively slow and tedious style of play. Master P. Gray evinces, for one of his years, remarkable genius for Chess; and it would not be surprising to us if in time he proved another Paul Morphy.

For this interesting game we are indebted to Mr. FRERE, Secretary of the Brooklyn Chess Club.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 R to Q B3 (ch)	K moves
2 Q to K5 (ch)	K to Q
3 R to Q B7 disc. (ch)	K moves
4 R to Q B7 (ch)	R to R
5 R to R (ch)	R to R
6 Kt to R4 (ch)	P to Kt
7 Kt to K B3 (ch)	B to Kt
8 B to R7 (ch)	B to B, and mate.

## NOTES OF A SOJOURN IN ALGIERS.

Our first day in Algiers—it seemed more like a dream than like reality. The clear, bright atmosphere, the crowded squares, and the novel exterior of all who hurried past formed a curious panorama, while the groves of orange and lemons on the distant hills calmly stirred in the sunny air.

We met many veiled ladies, with their faces all shrouded with linen folds, save the eyes, which flashed on us with soft, lustrous fire. They have exquisite figures, and dress like sultanas, in tunics of embroidered silk or brocade, and silken trousers, gathered at the ankles, which are banded with gold. Their beautiful little feet are covered with purple velvet slippers, with a broad bar of gold across the instep, and their head-dresses are hollow cones of gold, or silver flagree, over which are thrown transparent embroidered veils.

The Algerine gentlemen are no less gorgeous in their way, and a Broadway dandy would be thrown completely into the shade beside them. They wear silk or velvet vests, covered with gold lace and embroidery; a sash is wound carelessly around the body, in which are stuck the yataghan and pistol of the wearer, and whose folds contain the watch, purse, &c., of this Moorish exquisite. Large, loose trousers and a profusely decorated turban complete the list of charms, and thus the bearded son of Mohammed saunters along, fanning himself with an indescribable air of self-satisfaction.

Towards evening the housetops began to swarm with occupants. The ladies, it seems, are not allowed to come out and breathe the air on these favorite places of resort until after sunset, but the moment this luminary descended below the horizon, nearly every housetop became alive with silken garments, white caïques and golden jewels. It was a pleasant sight, and we concluded, from the sidelong glances cast down by the fair promenaders, that they did not dislike being looked at even by foreigners.

"How cool and airy those housetops look!" said my friend Wilson, reflectively. "Don't you wish we were up there, Browne?"

"Yes," returned I, "but you might as well wish yourself in Paradise, or any other impossible place!"

"I don't know that," said Wilson; "Yankee enterprise, you know, is proverbial, and I don't believe but that we could get up there in spite of the wall of exclusiveness these old Moors and Arabs have built up around themselves. What do you say, Walker?"

"I'm ready for any kind of fun!" said Walker, rubbing his hands with a gleeful air.

"Very well, then," returned the adventurous Wilson; "there's an open door and an empty parapet yonder. I'll wager anything that the folks have gone out somewhere to have a gossip. Let's go up, just to see what it's like!"

And the enterprising youth plunged straightway into the yawning door of one of the dark Moorish houses. We followed, holding our breath and trying to repress the laughter that would come, when we thought of our ludicrous situation. It was difficult enough to thread our way through the intricate mazes of this Eastern dwelling, but we followed close in Wilson's wake, and finally entered a dark narrow passage, where a dim gleam of light from above seemed to indicate the presence of some stairway.

"Here's the place; now up the ladder with you, boys!" cried Wilson, springing up like a deer. We followed, and in a moment stood on one of the fat Algerine roofs, with terraced parapets, which had attracted our notice from below.

It was entirely vacant, and we stood looking round on the fine prospect beneath. Nearly opposite we beheld two grave old Moors reclining luxuriantly on cushions, and smoking, while a serving-maid brought a tray of fruit and coffee to them. Several plants were ranged round, and a sort of awning protected the smokers from the too strong action of the sea-breeze.

We could not but be conscious of the fact that the fair occupants of the several roofs beyond eyed us with a surprised look, but we strutted around, puffing our cigars, and feeling perfectly satisfied with ourselves. The first we knew, however, two or three bright-eyed Moorish maidens came bounding up to the house-top in high glee. Luckily they did not observe us at first, as their backs were turned, and we commenced a hasty retreat, fully realizing our awkward position. But just as Wilson's long legs had disappeared into the trap-door, one of the maidens turned and uttered a piercing cry at the sight of us. The murder was out; and the girls fled precipitately towards the corner of the roof, while we tumbled down the ladder in hot haste.

Our speed was not slackened by the muttered execrations of some infuriated personage—probably the *paterfamilias*—whom we could plainly hear advancing rapidly through some dark passage towards us, and in desperation we made for the first door we saw. Fortunately it opened easily, and admitted us into a cool Oriental garden, full of terraces, roses and fountains. But Walker, always unlucky, had mislaid his footing, and tumbled from top to bottom of the ladder, where he now lay curled up like a mammoth hedgehog! The Moor, however, shot up the ladder, luckily overlooking our friend in the gloom, and we all three escaped through the garden gate into a quiet street beyond, heartily glad to have saved our necks!

There all was still and silent. The only occupants of this suburban retreat were a couple of strolling "Zephyrs." Not soft breezes, be it understood, but soldiers of a certain French corps stationed in Algeria, who bear this singular nickname on account of their general recklessness and gaiety. We had heard much of the pranks and rogueries of these gentry, and viewed them with some curiosity as they sauntered by in their singular uniform of madder red and white. They were so busily occupied in staring up at a brown and bright-eyed face which peeped through a little square upper window, that they seemed completely to have forgotten all the forms and ceremonies of the outer world, for a superior officer happening to pass, both men forgot to touch their caps. The officer stopped indignantly, and asked the Zephyr nearest him, in a rough tone, "Don't you know politeness, sir?"

The questioned soldier, without the least embarrassment, turned to his companion, and said,

"Gauthier, do you know Politeness?"

"No," returned Gauthier, innocently.

Then, turning to the officer, the nonchalant Zephyr bowed low, with his open right hand to his cap, saying, "Not known in the battalion, commandant!"

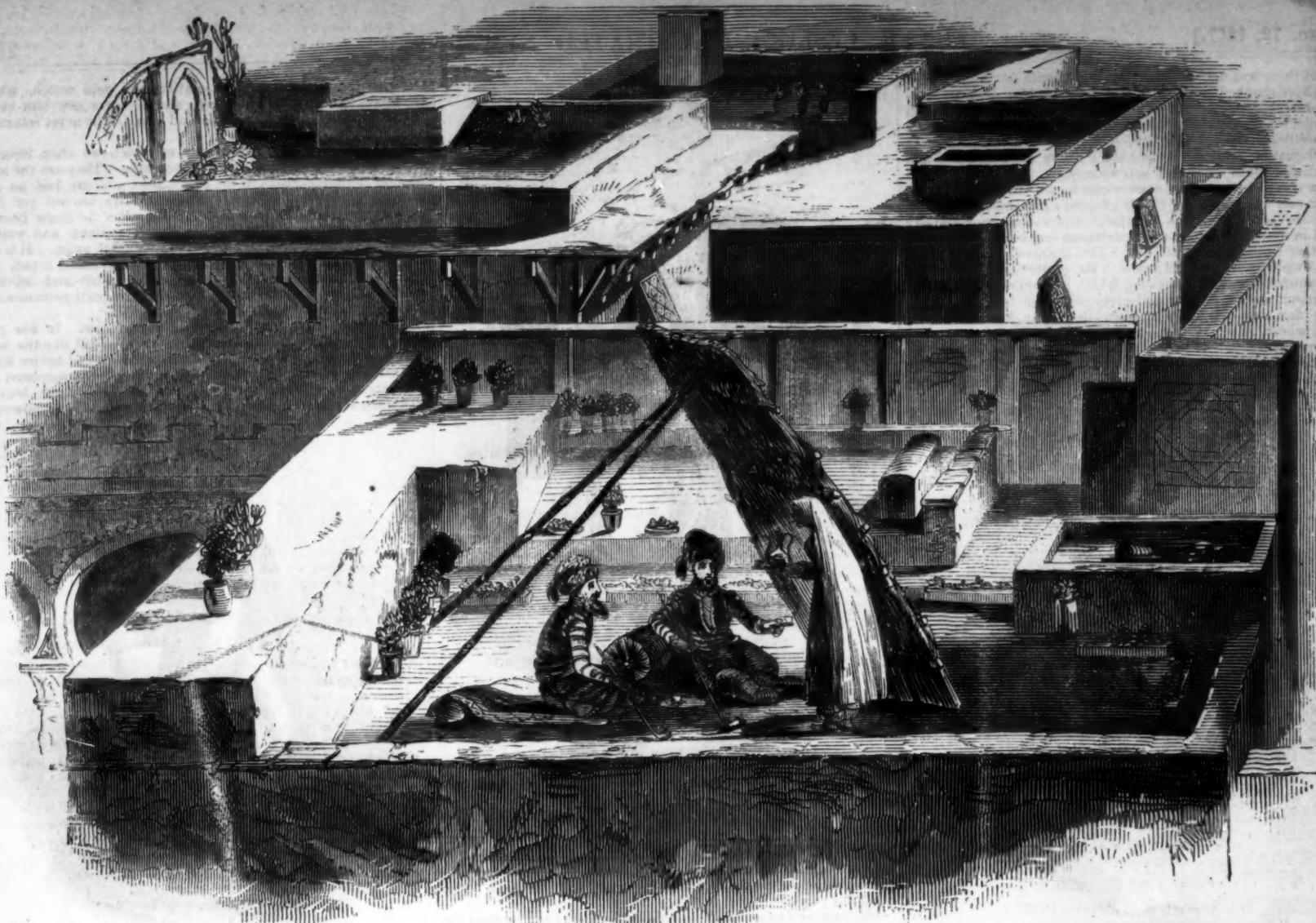
The officer laughed in spite of himself, and walked on, leaving the two soldiers in triumphant possession of the field, in virtue of their consummate impudence.

But it was growing late, and we knew by many reports that it was not particularly safe or pleasant to linger too long in the streets of Algiers after dark, as far as strangers were concerned, although it might be perfectly satisfactory to the Zephyr battalion, so we turned our footsteps as rapidly as possible towards our quarters.

Algiers is a noble city, wholly inclosed by an embattled wall. It is built somewhat in the style of an amphitheatre, on the commanding slope of Mount Boujaris, and bears a most imposing appearance when seen from the bay. The ancient streets are nearly all narrow and gloomy, but new and spacious squares and thoroughfares are being constructed in the neighborhood of numerous mosques, synagogues, and fine public buildings, so that Algiers will soon be one of the finest cities of the East. Its commerce is great. It is also the headquarters of the cavalry and infantry of Algeria, and being the healthiest of any city in the colony, its population is increasing with every year.

The next day we strolled out beyond the city gates, and were delighted with the beautiful scenery around Algiers. A lively





SCENE ON THE HOUSE-TOPS OF THE CITY OF ALGIERS.

and pleasant Portuguese surgeon of our acquaintance, who had lived here for some years, was our companion, and amused us very much with his anecdotes and conversation. At length, wearied with passing through fragrant groves of orange trees and under the shadow of fine old palms, we sat down to rest on a spreading rock.

We had not enjoyed this repose long, when a white-bearded old Moor came hobbling past, leaning on his staff. He was such a picturesque specimen that Walker immediately took out pencil and tablets to sketch him, and the surgeon called out, as to an old acquaintance, "Stand still a moment, S. B., and the American will make you immortal!"

The old man nodded, smiled, and stopped for my friend to complete his sketch. When it was finished he inspected it with a critical air, and pronounced it "pretty good!"

"Well, Sofi," said the Portuguese, "how are you getting along?"

"Very badly—very poorly," muttered the old man. "My ungrateful Yusef scolds and upbraids me continually, and yesterday he even beat me!"

"He lives with his son, who pays him no manner of attention, and they fight from morning till night," whispered the surgeon to me. "But, Sofi," he continued aloud, "why don't you get married? You are rich, and there are many women who would take good care of you, and make you much happier."

"I want neither wife nor poultry!" said the old man, testily; "they cost too much to feed!" And off he went, as if indignant at the new proposition.

The surgeon laughed. "A regular old miser," said he. "By his squalid appearance you would think him sunk in the deepest poverty, yet he has laid up a very nice little sum."

"But how does it happen that his son can be so brutal and unfeeling?" I asked.

"Oh, that is nothing at all," said my friend. "Parental tenderness and filial love seem utterly omitted in the Moorish com-

position. Not long ago a handsome Algerine Moor came into my shop, and accosted me in the coolest manner: 'Christian barbers,' said he—that is their way of addressing foreign surgeons—'give me some drugs to kill my father, and I'll pay you well!' I must say I was rather taken aback at this, but I soon recovered my self-possession. 'Why, what's the matter?' said I; 'don't you and your father agree?' 'Oh, none can agree better! he is a fine old fellow, and made a good father to me—got me a wife,

giers, we met dark-browed Bedouins, in their curious Oriental costume. These wandering people encamp at will in the deserts, and whenever displeased with the treatment they meet from neighboring tribes, fold their tents in the dead of night, and steal noiselessly away like a flock of birds, taking with them whatever they can lay their hands on. They haunt the neighborhood of Algiers; no one knows whence they appear, or where they dwell, but they come and go like shadows.

The Jews form another prominent feature of Algerine life. The Israelitish population is very large indeed, and most of the splendid bazaars and stores of Algiers are owned and stocked by Jews. But notwithstanding their great wealth, they live in the most abject submission to the Mahomedans. They are even pelted by children in the streets, without daring to retaliate. An Algerine Jew dare not approach a well or fountain if a Moor or Mahomedan happen to be drinking there, and it is the business of Jews to execute all criminals, and afterwards to bury their bodies.

I became acquainted with a worthy old Jew, a man of tapes, parchments and wafers, whose services I happened to require in some slight law matter, and observed with pain the many slights and insults to which he was subjected.

"How can you remain where you suffer so much?" I inquired of him.

He shrugged his shoulders. "It is true," said he, "but then the money we make!"

On one of my visits to his house I saw his daughter, a splendid girl with large black eyes, and a rich olive complexion. Like most of the Algerine Jewesses, she was one of the loveliest of her sex, but she wore a subdued and timid air, and hardly dared to lift up her eyes in the presence of a Christian. She was dressed in a silk skirt and black velvet jacket, with sleeves of the finest linen; a jewel of immense size and value sparkled in her bosom, and a velvet cap with a long drooping tassel completed her attire. Everything which wealth could purchase surrounded



ALGERINE MOOR.

gave me all he has, and we live together, and I support him without a word; but he is so old that he can't work, and yet he won't die! I wish I could give you an idea of the injured air with which the Moor pronounced these last words."

"Well, what answer did you give him?" said Wilson.

"I reflected a moment, and finally replied, 'Tis a hard case—you shall have what you want.' So I prepared a cordial drug that would be rather beneficial than otherwise to the poor old man, and gave it to him, knowing very well that if I did not satisfy his wants, the savage brute could get medicaments elsewhere. The Moor paid me, and set off. In eight days, back he came to tell me that his father was not dead yet."

"Not dead?" cried I; "but he shall die!" and I gave him another soothing draught. In a fortnight, back came my Moor, and assured me that, so far from dying, his perverse parent seemed better. "Don't, however, give up," said this good son; "try all your skill, and give me something that shall finish him!" I compounded a third healing mixture, and gave it, laughing in my sleeve. Nothing more was heard of the Moor, until, the other day, I met him in the street, and inquired as to the success of my drugs. The man put on an air of religious solemnity. "He is in good health," he replied; "God has made him survive all we gave him; without doubt he is a saint!"

This anecdote seemed at first perfectly incredible, but the surgeon assured us that this was by no means a solitary instance of the way in which filial duties are here discharged.

Several times, in the course of our strolls around Al-



BEDOUIN ARAB.



VEILED WOMAN OF ALGIERS.



her, yet there was not an Arab serving-woman in Algiers that would have changed places with this daughter of a despised race.

We had the good fortune to secure pleasant and airy lodgings in a quiet street, soon after our arrival. Our tenement, like all the dwelling-houses of this city, which are built with reference to earthquakes, boasted only one story above the basement, and was adorned with a flat-roof and water-tank. It was a brilliant and dazzling white, and its narrow court-yard was full of pomegranate and oleander trees, which afforded a grateful shade. Our native servant, Muley, was a faithful fellow, and marvellously skilled in every art from that of hairdresser and valet-de-chambre to that of butler and chief cook. The dinners which he contrived to get up are beyond praise. He particularly excelled in the manufacture of delicious ices, which he moulded and colored to represent grapes, peaches and every variety of fruit.

One day our old friend Captain H—, an American naval officer, whose ship had just entered port, dropped in upon us. We were delighted at seeing somebody who could tell us the home-news, and we directed Muley to do his best in the culinary department. The dinner went off excellently, and at dessert,



ALGERINE JEWESS.

with the fruits and wines, appeared Muley's ices, borne by that dignitary himself, in a new white turban.

Captain H— seeing, as he thought, a plate of mammoth rosy-cheeked peaches, immediately seized on one, and, cutting it in two, put half into his mouth. The violence of the cold brought tears into his eyes—he tumbled the morsel from side to side in his mouth, and at length, unable longer to endure the icy coldness, spit it out, furiously exclaiming, "A painted snow-ball,



ALGERINE GENTLEMAN, WITH A FAN.

by jingo!" Wiping the tears from his eyes with his napkin, he turned angrily to poor Muley, who could not help smiling at his ludicrous faces, and said, "D—n your heathen Arab eyes, what did you mean by that?"

We hastened to make all possible explanations and excuses for Muley, who understood no English, but the old gentleman would take no more ices, and muttered, indignantly, "If I had the heathen rascal on shipboard for just one minute!"

We were not so lucky in the choice of some other of our servants, as the following recital will prove: We were hardly settled in our new home, when a lively, well-looking young Moor, of about eighteen, came to us with very good references, and pleading the most abject poverty. He begged pitifully for employment, if only to perform little offices around the house for his board. Pitying his distress, we appointed him deputy to Muley at a trifling salary. In a day or two he came to us to beg that his wife might be allowed to wash for us. We consented, and gave him a large bundle of linen, together with a coat to be repaired.

Off went the Moor with linen, coat and my gold watch, which the knave had contrived to secrete, and we never saw him more. We made every possible effort to find him, but he never returned, neither did the gold watch.

The baths of Algiers were places to which we often resorted when exhausted by the sultry atmosphere. They are the most popular lounging-places in the city. Here you are laid on soft cushions, amid scented vapors which rise up around you like clouds of incense. After a few minutes, when the limbs become flexible, you are laid hold of by two attendants and pulled, rubbed and buffeted until your very joints crack again. It is not very pleasant, at first, to rolled about like kneaded bread, but this operation is succeeded by the most agreeable and delicious sensations, and after being anointed with fragrant perfumes and waters, you leave the baths greatly refreshed.

In a few days the famed Sirocco began to blow. It was preceded by a hot and furious whirlwind, that seemed like the fiery breath of the desert itself. The terrified camels fled before it, as if it had been a simoom, clouds of dust filled the atmosphere, the palm-trees bent before the blast, and the inhabitants hurried trembling to their houses. This did not continue long, however,



ALGERINE JEW.

but was succeeded by the sirocco itself—a hot south-east wind, which prevailed for twenty days. No rain accompanied it, but the air was stifling and enervating, like burning steam, and the Algerines seemed, during its continuance, to lose all energy and enterprise, while the surrounding vegetation blighted and withered under its breath. We were very much relieved when its oppressive influence passed away, and the soft west winds took its place.



SIROCCO SWEEPING OVER THE CITY OF ALGIERS.



**NIBLO'S GARDEN, BROADWAY.**—Grand revival of *UNDINE*, by GABRIEL, ANTOINE and JEROME RAVEL. MARIETTA ZANFRETTE and YOUNG AMERICA. An afternoon performance every Saturday. Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, 50 cents; the tier of Upper Boxes (entrance on Crosby street), 25 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1; Private Boxes, \$5; Children to Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, half price. ALTERATION OF TIME.—Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½.

**LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUTON STREET.** Miss Laura Keene.....Sole Lessee and Directress. Now open for the Season, with an able and efficient Stock Company. *THE SEA OF ICE; OR, A MOTHER'S PRAYER.* Doors open at 7. The performance will commence with the Overture at 7½ o'clock. Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$7.

**BROADWAY THEATRE.**—E. A. MARSHALL, LESSEE.—On MONDAY Next, DECEMBER 14, This Theatre will be re-opened (having been altered and remodelled), with the most extensive Equestrian Troupe in America, under the supervision of MR. VAN AMBURGH. The distinguished Wild Animal Trainer. Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7 o'clock. Prices of Admission, Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents.

**WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR PRINCE STREET.** Proprietor.....Henry Wood. GEORGE CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS respectfully announce to their patrons and the public in general that the above elegant structure is now open under the management of Henry Wood and George Christy, with an entirely new Programme. Stage Manager.....Sylvester Becker. Treasurer.....L. M. Winans. Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

**BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.**—New Dramatic Season. With an Entirely New and superior Company. Every evening at half-past seven o'clock. Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, on Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c. Admittance, 25 cents; Children under ten, 10 cents.

**EMPIRE HALL, No. 596 BROADWAY.**—DR. KANE'S ARCTIC VOYAGES, magnificently illustrated, and vividly portraying the sublime yet awful grandeur of the POLAR REGIONS, with a description by CHARLES GAYLOR, Esq., the popular Author and Dramatist. Dr. Kane's Arctic dresses, celebrated dog sled, rifle and other relics on view every evening at 8 o'clock; Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock. Admission 25 cents; children half price.

**THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY MODERN ARTISTS OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL.** At the OLD ART UNION ROOMS, No. 497 BROADWAY, WHERE REMAIN OPEN UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE. From 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. and from 7 to 10 evening. The Gallery is well lighted and warmed. H. FRODSHAM, Secretary.

**AMERICAN EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART** is now open in the new Galleries of the National Academy of Design, one door from Broadway, in Tenth street, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., and from 7 p. m. to 10. Admission 25 cents. Season Tickets 50 cents.

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 12, 1857.

### This is the Time to Subscribe and to Renew Subscriptions.

The liberal offer which we published in our last issue has given great satisfaction, and large lists of names have been forwarded to us, for the PAPER and MAGAZINE together, at Four Dollars a year for both. We repeat the offer we made, and shall keep it open until the 1st of January, 1858.

#### TAKE NOTICE!

**FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER** AND **NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE,** BOTH **For Four Dollars.**

We make this liberal offer to the public to January 1, 1858, from the date of our present issue. We will send the Paper and Magazine to one address for one year, for Four Dollars. The two are entirely distinct in the character of their literature and the subject of their engravings. Together they form an amount of reading matter equal to three thousand *Imperial Octavo* pages; while the number of engravings, nearly all of them original, designed and cut by the best artists in the city, is very nearly two thousand. Remember the offer, dear reader, three thousand pages of splendid reading matter and two thousand fine engravings for Four Dollars per annum.

ANOTHER mail from Europe exhibits the monetary affairs of England as still greatly disturbed. Many heavy houses had failed, and the money pressure continued without any sign of diminution. The house of George Peabody became temporarily embarrassed, but the Bank of England immediately came forward to its assistance, to the extent, it is said, of a million pounds sterling. At a meeting of the bondholders of the Erie Railroad, a resolution was adopted expressing entire confidence in the intrinsic value of the line, and for the appointment of a committee to raise subscriptions of further capital to prevent the foreclosure of the property. The feeling in Paris is improving. Remittances were arriving from America. A number of extensive firms in Paris have called together their creditors to devise means to prevent a public failure, which will probably result in a provisional failure. It is thought that the plan will be generally adopted in France. A large and unanimous meeting was held in Glasgow to give expression of confidence in the Scotch banks. It was resolved to receive the notes of the suspended banks as currency. It was understood that the Continental cities generally were improving in their financial matters. The powder mills at Mayence, on the Rhine, had exploded, destroying a portion of the upper part of the city. Thirty persons were killed, and nearly 500 wounded. The damage is estimated at £80,000.

The Russian Plenipotentiary announced at Shanghai that he came to act in concert with the British and French Ambassadors, and that he entertained no doubt of their being received at Peking. A difference had arisen between England and Turkey on one hand, and Russia on the other, respecting the trade and navigation of the Black Sea. It has, however, been left to the

Congress of Paris for arrangement. Affairs in Mexico are in a most unsettled state. President Comonfort, though made Dictator, finds the thoroughly disorganized elements hard to control. A Spanish expedition is said to be fitting out at Key West, for the purpose of operating against Mexico. General Minon is supposed to be at the head of the movement, which is understood to be in favor of Santa Anna. It is rumored that the expedition will attack Mexico in two points, at Tampico and Campeachy. We are inclined to discredit the report altogether. A second attempt to launch the Great Eastern had been made on the 19th ult., and had proved unsuccessful. An immense force was applied, but at the critical moment one of the chains broke, which put an end to the operation. Every confidence is felt in the ultimate success of the efforts to launch the Leviathan. A submarine cable, which will accelerate the Indian news by two days, has been laid between Cagliari and Malta, a distance of three hundred miles. There had been some very threatening and riotous proceedings at Nottingham, England, but they had been quelled by the constabulary force. Assistance in food had been afforded, and quiet had been restored.

### The Election.

In the contest for the Mayoralty between Fernando Wood and Daniel F. Tiemann, the great Fernando was defeated, but by so small a majority that the actual result must have been robbed of half its sting. Mayor Wood polled over forty thousand votes, which fact is entirely conclusive that no candidate of any single party or clique would have stood the slightest chance against him. He was defeated by a powerful coalition, some members of which had to swallow bitter doses before they could fall into the traces.

We shall have now a change of men, but whether or not the change of men will bring about a change of measures remains to be seen. "Honest men" has always been the cry, but like that great cry where there was very "little wool," it has always amounted to nothing. The new men will fall into the old order of things as naturally as we do into our easy chair; we shall have small savings loudly trumpeted forth, and large peculation adroitly smothered up. The "outs" will shout for "reform," and the "ins," with thumbs to noses, will jingle the spoils in their pockets and say never a word, which is a reply significant enough. When at the uttermost point of desperation they say any change must be for the better; so we pray for change.

### A Friendly Notice.

Our esteemed contemporary, the editor of the *Richmond Dispatch*, overfloweth with bile. He has evidently eschewed calomel and other curative drugs, and has taken to eat fat meat. His remarks are conceived in very ill spirit, and are manifestly unjust. In the conduct of the *ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER*, we know no North, no South, no East nor West. Our columns for the past two years will prove that each great section of the country has been liberally and fairly represented by costly and original drawings from our artists. Our friend complains that "Northern picture periodicals are hawked about our streets, and thrust out our own unpretending magazines." If this be so, it simply shows the superior energy and enterprise of the Northern publishers, and should awaken our Southern brethren from their long and unproductive lethargy. We publish for the whole Union, and are everywhere received.

If the opinion of the editor of the *Richmond Dispatch* should prevail, every newspaper in America would be compelled to retain special correspondents in all cities of the earth to furnish purely original matter. The idea is good, but impracticable. It is contrary to the nature of things. Throughout our social life each man is dependent upon the other, and the giving and receiving is constant and ever flowing. We deem it an achievement to transfer to our pages, two or three days after it reaches our shores, some splendid work of art of great and general interest, and distribute it all over the Union by means of our large circulation. We think this an achievement, and our hundreds of thousands of readers in all sections of the Union appreciate our enterprise. There is no patriot so violent and wordy as your renegade, and we shrewdly suspect that the editor of the *Richmond Dispatch* will be found to be an Eastern or a Northern man. He has probably changed his politics with his locality, and thus parades his Southern principles to give assurance that "he is right upon the goose question."

### GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

The gentlemen, be it understood, are not to read this column at all. We intend to put up a signboard like those in the railroad stations, conspicuously labelled, "No Gentlemen Allowed Here!" This article is only to be perused by ladies reclining in easy chairs, and resting their little slippered feet on velvet cushions. Let the masculine portion of the community confine themselves to the stocks, politics and foreign news, and on no account interfere with the "rights of women" here.

The recent fine weather has been extremely favorable to our lady population, and the fashionable promenades are literally alive with them. Dr. Mackay says, that Broadway is the finest street in existence, and he might as well add that Broadway ladies are the loveliest in the world, as most foreigners yield them up the palm of beauty.

"Hard times," about which the gentlemen are looking so universally grave, don't seem to affect the ladies at all. The streets were never so full of brilliant costumes, and the fair ones sail along in a vast expansion of silks, velvets and furbes, adorned with fur capes and French bonnets, conscious of being "monarchs of all they survey," even down to Stewart's and the dry goods palaces.

The topics of conversation now agitated in the feminine world are universal. First and foremost, of course, are the "great bargains" in shopping; musical ladies talk also of Herr Fornes and Thalberg's coming Matinees; literary ladies go into raptures over Charles Mackay, his charming lectures and genuine ballads; and those who stand within the charmed circles of "our best society" are busy in preparing for the Ball and Promenade Concert which is to come off on the 22d, in aid of the Nursery and Child's Hospital, and which will be supported by the presence and influence of the most fashionable and distinguished of our metropolitan ladies.

The city is just at present full of notabilities on the wing for Washington. Senator Douglas and his wife—the magnificent Ada Cutts, who held the sceptre of beauty and fashion so long in the Capitol—have just passed through, and the books of the Astor, Metropolitan and St. Nicholas are full of distinguished autographs. Speaker Banks and his lady are also en route for

Washington. Those who were in the Capitol last winter will recollect the grace and tact with which the lovely little wife of the Speaker presided at many a brilliant gathering. Mrs. Banks' receptions, indeed, were second in popularity only to the President's. Bennett of New York, designated in Congress by the sobriquet of "Land Bill Bennett," has just left the city with his handsome and *distinguished* young wife, well known in the circles of Washington *bon-ton*. Most of the fair ones have stopped here a few days to make additions to their wardrobes at Stewart's and Genin's, for a Washington wardrobe needs time, attention and expense beyond description. It is difficult for outsiders to form any idea of the splendor and magnificence with which our Northern stars blaze out beside the Southern and Western luminaries at a reception or levee in Washington.

How on earth that inveterate old bachelor, Mr. Buchanan, will ever manage to discharge the social duties of his position, without a wife to correct his blunders, tie his cravat right, and win over the Opposition lions with her genial smiles and sly artifices, we don't know. The fair-haired niece—the "Hattie Lane" of whom we have heard—will no doubt prove entirely satisfactory to the younger members of society, but we plainly foresee she will be spirited off to adorn the saloons of some young M.C., and leave the old gentleman in a quandary before the winter is over.

Washington will be unusually brilliant during the coming season. For some years the melancholy face and forced smiles of Mrs. Pierce have cast a sort of shadow over the White House portals; not even the genial manners of the President himself could conceal the hidden domestic sorrows that lay beneath. But now—a bachelor Chief Magistrate and a pretty young niece! What better prospect could there be?

The ex-President and Mrs. Pierce are now on their way to Madeira in the steamer Powhatan, led by the hope that the mild breezes of a warmer climate may benefit the lady's failing health.

Lady Gore Ouseley, the brilliant and accomplished wife of the British Minister at Washington, is an American lady, being a daughter of Cornelius P. Van Ness, who was Governor of Vermont, Minister to Spain, and Collector of the Ports here. The "old Van Ness mansion," as it is called, is just visible from the White House, nestling on the shores of the Potomac. Lady Ouseley will prove a great addition to Washington society.

The ladies seem to be favored with an unusual degree of attention from lecturers this winter; Lola Montez, that vivacious woman-tiger, has been haranguing large audiences on "Female Loveliness," and disclosing a multitude of little womanly artifices to the daughters of Eve are wont to resort, when desirous of fascinating the rougher sex. Not fair play, that! We move that some gentleman, who possesses a fluent tongue, be invited to deliver a lecture on "Manly Beauty," and to describe the various processes by which a Broadway dandy is "made up." Dr. Bellows has also contributed his mite towards the great cause by a lecture in Boston, a few days ago, on the "Elevation of Woman." Just as if a volume of lectures and exhortations would be of any use, when the whole world knows that the fair creatures will do just as they please!

### —SAYING SOMETHING—

—During the coming session of Congress, Minnesota, Kansas and Oregon will apply for admission into the Union of States. When these are admitted, the number of States will be thirty-four, and the number of Senators sixty-eight. The territories then left will be Washington, Nebraska, New Mexico, Utah, Dakota, and Arizona.

—The Hon. James G. Birney, the abolition candidate for the Presidency in 1844, is dead.

—The entire military force now in Florida has been ordered out on active service. It comprises about two thousand men, and it seems probable that they will be able to conquer the Indians, or drive them out of the State.

—Orders have been received at the Navy Yard, at Norfolk, to get ready for sea, with all possible despatch, the sloop-of-war Marion and the brig Perry. Their destination is said to be Nicaragua, in order to enforce, if necessary, our treaty with that Government, as well as to compel the fulfillment of their obligations to the United States.

—Mr. Randolph Rogers has been appointed by the Commissioners of the Washington Monument, in Richmond, to construct the remaining statues of that great work, and to complete the Monument.

—Hon. Mr. Lamar, of Texas, some time since appointed Minister to Buenos Ayres, has concluded to accept the mission to Costa Rica and Nicaragua.

—It is believed that the war steam frigate Niagara will be permitted to return to England next spring, to render assistance in laying the sub-marine telegraph cable.

—The new Hall of Representatives has been lighted experimentally. The method of lighting is entirely novel, and originated with Capt. Meigs. The gas-burners are placed between a stained glass ceiling and the glass skylight, giving a very soft, pleasant effulgence. The difficulty of lighting a vast number of burners is overcome by means of a continuous series of forty-five thousand jets, forming a network over the inner skylight, and the torch being applied at any point, the whole series of jets becomes ignited in twenty seconds.

—Rev. Isaac S. Kallioch, the notorious Baptist clergyman, has resigned the charge of the Tremont Temple, to take effect in three months. He will enter the practice of law, for which he has been fitting himself.

—The Thirty-fifth Congress met last Monday, December 7th. The President's Message and the Reports of the Departments were sent in during the week.

—The Magnetic Telegraph Company have established an office in Washington, whose wire connects with the North without delay. This will facilitate Congressional reports, and will admit of dispatches being sent up to a late hour.

—Miss Lane, Mr. Buchanan's niece, returned from Philadelphia to preside at her uncle's Thanksgiving dinner at the White House, and did the honors with much grace.

—A man calling himself Charles E. Warren has been arrested at Jersey City; he had in his possession a carpet-bag filled with watches and fob-chains, valued at \$3,000, supposed to be the proceeds of a late successful burglary at Cincinnati.

—Hon. B. M. T. Hunter has been invited to deliver the oration at the Inauguration of Crawford's Statue of Washington, at Richmond, on February 22d.

—Vice-President Breckinridge has gone to Baton Rouge with his family, the health of Mrs. B. requiring change of climate. He will be in Washington a few days after the session opens, it being the custom to allow the Senate to be opened by the President *pro tem*.

—Orders from Washington have been received by Commander Stewart, of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, to commence building a new sloop-of-war. About one thousand laborers will be taken on, with many mechanics.

—At the Romish festival of St. Vincent de Paul, the lottery for the "Archbishop's ring" formed a grand feature. It is a donation from the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, and was placed in a large fruitcake, for which numerous chances were taken.

—Huntington, the artist, is in London, working on a large picture. Crosby five years ago, and is often visited by Ruskin, who at first could hardly believe his brilliant autumnal sketches were other than exaggerations, but now fully comprehends their fidelity. Dailey is with his sisters on the Delaware, finishing illustrations for a forthcoming work; and William M. Hunt, whose "French Flower Girl" has immortalized him, has gone to Fayal for the winter.

—Dr. C. T. Jackson has received from the King of Prussia the order of "Chevalier of the Red Eagle," in reward for scientific discoveries. It is a Maltese cross of solid silver, and suspended from white ribbon, bordered with crimson.

—John C. Fremont has been elected First Vice-President of the American Geographical and Statistical Society of New York, of which the late Dr. Kane was a member.

—The widow of the late Commander Herndon has just received from a Boston Insurance Company \$5,000 on a policy signed only a year since.

—Captain Thomas R. Godney, a distinguished officer of the United States



Navy, died at Charleston, South Carolina, on the 30th of November. He was born in South Carolina, and entered the navy from that State on the 4th of March, 1815, serving his country both at sea and on shore for a period of forty years and nine months.

—For Holiday presents see C. O. Leigh's advertisement in another column.

## FOREIGN GOSSIP.

## Laughable Incident—Fire—Murder—And all about a Son.

THE closing of the *etablissement* of the most fashionable of our seaside bathing-places was marked by the most whimsical incident, which has given us great cause of merriment, as it seems to have issued from the brain of some mocking friend wishing to make sport of the feelings and emotions of the most harmless and innocent of merry-makers. The *etablissement* was an *grand comble*, the dancers in full glee, the mammas in full toilet, the orchestra in full tune. The gallery which surrounds the assembly-room was crowded as usual with the idle loungers, content to accept the useless part of lookers-on rather than submit to the tyranny of dress coat and white cravat, or low corset and short sleeves, rigorously exacted by the rules of the ball-room. A pause had occurred between the dances. The Lancers had just been concluded; when the orchestra, striking up the *Maoria*, that wild *rythmée* waltz, which sets the feet of all real lovers of dancing in a fidget.

Presently, a couple, unable to resist the impulse, start forward in the giddy round; they whirl away all unconscious for some few moments of being the cynosure of about one hundred pair of eyes—until suddenly the gentleman, first to perceive the embarrassing position in which he had placed his partner, suddenly stops, and looks round timidly as if to beg pardon for thus occupying the attention of the company. Just then a son, dropped from the gallery, falls with a ringing sound at the gentleman's feet. Beholding in the incident a mocking jest, common to the *gamins* of Paris, whenever any individual is supposed to make a bad exhibition of himself by awkward horsemanship or driving, or any other want of skill in the public cultivation of the arts, the gentleman, mortified and humiliated beyond expression, stoops to pick up the coin, and in a towering passion, bidding the orchestra cease, and shaking his fist at the gallery, calls loudly upon the coward who has dared to insult him to come forth and apologize, or remain and suffer the consequences. No answer was returned, no other effect was produced by the words than that of creating a disturbed, convulsive agitation amongst the company; and after waiting for a few moments the answer from the gallery, which came not, the gentleman, goaded to a still greater fury by this apparent contempt, dashed wildly across the polished floor of the ball-room towards the door leading to the staircase, determined on finding the culprit, and wreaking most deadly vengeance on his devoted head.

In an instant the whole company rose and followed to the door, crowding the staircase in the utmost confusion, with loud cries and expostulations; while the innocent lookers-on in the gallery, very few of whom had beheld the scene which had been enacted below, and were in general totally unconscious of the disturbance, on beholding this sudden rush of an excited crowd, screaming, shouting, and gesticulating, headed by an exasperated individual in black, bawling at the top of his voice to the company in general to "Come forth, the instant!" a sudden panic seized upon the assembly. The usual cry, without reflection, arose in an instant. Fire—evacuation—the falling of the building—were all suspected. The occupants of the gallery immediately crowded towards the entrance—the confusion became general—the ladies screamed and fainted—the gentlemen fought valiantly for their own safety—the guard arrived in the midst of the *bagarre*—the fire-engines came tearing over the park—and it was not till all this agony had been undergone, many people bruised and wounded, dresses torn, and blows received in abundance, that an explanation took place; and it was discovered that the unfortunate son, cause of all the turmoil, had escaped from the hands of a little child through the railings of the gallery, and must surely have been guided in its course by the mocking fiend abroad.

## Why Madame De M— left off her Widow's Weeds.

An incident of Paris life, which has given us great cause for reflection, has occupied us during the week, and been discussed with various opinions. Scarcely two months ago, died at Englien one of our rich capitalists, well known in England, whose *salon* had been celebrated for some years by the most charming, agreeable, and virtuous little wife it ever fell to a rich man's lot to wed. The little lady, who had been the best and most affectionate of wives, created no surprise when she appeared the most disconsolate of widows, and, contrary to the usual custom in Paris, more speculations took place upon the length of time she would be seen to mourn her husband's death than upon the subject of who would be chosen to be his successor. Her conjugal love could not be doubted, for every sacrifice had been made by her to save her husband's name and credit during the monetary crisis of two years ago, when she valiantly signed away her reversion of the chateau and grounds at Englien, in order to enable him to rise above the difficulties to which the pressure had given rise. With these preliminaries, you will be enabled to judge of the utter confounding of all our preconceived ideas, when we heard that Madame de M— had been seen at last week's *raucé* at Longchamps—the very star of fashion—the very planet of the mode—attired in rose color, driving in an open carriage à la Daumont, with her mother (a *maîtresse femme*, by the way), seated by her side!

The announcement caused more emotion at the Jockey Club that night than the most unexpected loss or gain upon the turf. The thing could not be believed, save by those who had actually seen it, and was thought worthy of the strictest examination. The truth was soon elicited, for the lady makes no secret of the causes of her conduct. Her husband's papers, conveying over the reversion of the chateau, which he had meanly extorted from his wife, under pretence of embarrassment, to a certain Comtesse C—, a woman holding a high position in Parisian society, had given her sufficient proof that, while professing affection for her, his heart and interests had all been elsewhere. The disclosures made concerning the immense sums bestowed upon the Comtesse by the deceased are said to be so astounding that the lawyers themselves remained amazed at their importance. The effect upon the widow was that of indignation. She immediately disrobed herself of the solemn weeds of woe to which her widowed state compelled her, and inclosing the whole costume—cap, bonnet, hood, and all—in a neat packing case, despatched them, with a cutting note, to the Comtesse—proclaiming her greater right to wear them, and wishing her all health and prosperity in the chateau and grounds of Englien.

## The Enraged Prima Donna.

A fair prima donna of the opera, well known for her sweet face and sour temper, being rather ruffled at an observation of the *chef d'orchestre*, who reproached her with singing habitually out of time, unable to bear this reproach before the rest of the *corps dramatique*, forgetting the resignation of Alice, which she was rehearsing, sprang forward, and seizing the head of the unhappy offender, indicated upon each cheek a vigorous pair of *soufflets*. The *chef*, boiling with rage, refused to confine the reprobate, whereupon the manager, called in to make peace, inflicted a fine upon the fair Amazon, who immediately declares her engagement at an end, and refuses to perform that evening, although her name was on the bills. The forfeit of 40,000 francs was paid before the day was out, by a certain Russian prince, living in the Champs Elysées.

## New Continental Dances.

A letter from Vienna says: "Dancing will be quite the rage this winter in this city, if we may judge from the number of persons who are now frequenting the saloons of Grégoire, the celebrated master of that art. A new dance has been just brought out under the name of the *Reichs Quadrille*, and which is composed of six figures—German, Hungarian, Polish, Italian, Tyrolean, and Viennese. This winter will therefore have for novelties the *Reichs Quadrille* and the Lancers."

## Wonderful Piety of that Model Woman, the Queen of Spain—Sublime Cant and Humbug.

The Queen of Spain, on the afternoon of the 28th ult., gave a new proof of her piety and devotion. Having met the Procession of the Host in the Calle de Atocha, the Queen ordered immediately her carriage to the King of Kings, and, in spite of her delicate situation, accompanied him to the house No. 133 of the said street, after which she followed him on his return to the parish church. But before reaching the palace, her Majesty again encountered the Holy Communion, which, leaving the church of Santa Cruz, was proceeding towards the Plaza del Angel, and the Sovereign again showed her piety by accompanying it also. The persons who witnessed these acts of devotion broke out into unanimous acclamations, and repeated them with veritable enthusiasm.

## Mosaic Items.

The Academy of Fine Arts at Milan has offered a premium for the best model for a monument to be erected to Leonardo da Vinci.

It is contemplated to build in the Russian capital a cathedral which should be the St. Peter's of Protestant Germany. The style of the building is not yet decided upon, but the estimates are laid down at several millions of thalers.

The Emperor of Austria has decided that an annual exhibition of fine arts shall take place at Vienna, and that 10,000 florins shall be appropriated to the purchase of the most remarkable works. All foreign and national artists will be admitted to exhibit their works, and prizes will be distributed at the close of the exhibition.

It is generally believed in Paris that Prince Murat will be the sovereign chosen to reign over the Principality. More than this, *guidances* declare that the settlement of this question of the Murats was the identical motive of the meeting at Stuttgart, and that the first words uttered by the Emperor Alexander, on finding himself in the presence of the Emperor of the French, were these: "Ah ça, que comptez-vous faire des Murats?"

The new drama on the catastrophe of Admiral Byng, after having been withdrawn, and altered and changed again, is at length forthcoming with these amendments—it is to be called "The Admiral of the Blues," and the hero's name is changed to *Bung*!

The Shah of Persia, who is very fond of Arab calligraphy and water-color painting, has now in course of execution for him at Teheran a magnificent Persian edition of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," to which have been added a number of pieces of poetry which are wanting in the Arab work. A great number of drawings by the first artists of the country, and the beauty of the writing, render this work unique of its kind. During the last seven years a number of artists, under the direction of the Shah himself, have been employed on this remarkable work of art, which has already cost nearly 300,000 francs.

The weekly cost of advertising the subscriptions for the Indian Relief Fund in the *Times* is £230.

## MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—A great success has attended this establishment during the past week. The first appearance of the celebrated Carl Fornes, supported by a very powerful cast, was the occasion of a great excitement. An hour or two before the doors were opened, a vast crowd was in attendance. Ladies elegantly dressed were in the crowd, and were at some periods very roughly handled. When the doors opened, the rush was immense, and in a few minutes the vast house was filled, literally to overflowing. We never saw so numerous an attendance within the walls of the Academy. "Robert le Diable" was the opera chosen, and the following was the cast on the occasion: Alice, Mlle. La Grange; the Prince, Mlle. Carroli; Robert, Signor Bignardi; Raimbault, Signor Labocetta; and Bertram, Herr Carl Fornes. The performance was a great success. Fornes, though not in good voice, proved to be the great artist that his reputation led us to expect. Mlle. Carroli made a most successful debut on the operatic stage, and exhibits much excellence and wonderful promise. The other artists—La Grange, Bignardi and Labocetta—were most excellent representatives of the several characters they personated. The opera, with the same cast, has been repeated four times, and the receipts will, we believe, amount to little less than eight or nine thousand dollars.

It is generally understood that Mr. Ullman will prolong his season beyond the few nights necessary to complete his forty nights. The success of his present effort will, it is supposed, warrant him in announcing quite a series of operas for the next month.

On the 17th of the present month the oratorio of the "Creation" by Haydn, will be given at the Academy of Music, by the opera management in connection with the Harmonic Society. The principal parts will be sung by Madame La Grange, Miss Milner, Mr. Perring and Carl Fornes. We hope that this enterprise will be liberally patronized, so that we may have a series of the glorious oratorio compositions.

It is stated that Julien is positively coming here in September next, to conduct a great Handel Festival, in which all the singers in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., are to assist and combine.

Max Morwick is literally turning the heads of the Habaneros. His first subscription season was an immense success. Every seat was sold, and the people are enthusiastic about the company. They do not want any better singers. When the first subscription season was over the books were opened for the second; but only sixty seats were vacated, and for these there were nearly one hundred applicants. Max is a wonderful man, and will be here in March with his company, including the great Ronconi.

## DRAMA.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—The second engagement of Mr. Charles Mathews must be recorded as another great success. For several weeks he has attracted large, brilliant and fashionable audiences, and he leaves New York with, if possible, an increased reputation and a capital of popular favor which will yield a splendid interest when he returns to us. During the present week this establishment has been closed, to make preparations for a grand entertainment which will be produced next Monday the 14th inst., and is to exceed in interest and magnificence all the previous efforts of the enterprising management of the Broadway Theatre. We advise our friends to hold themselves disengaged for Monday night, for this Broadway Theatre specialty will be something worth seeing.

Laura Keene's Theatre.—"The Sea of Ice"—still the "Sea of Ice" and crowded houses, and delighted people, and all that kind of thing, besides a great deal of money in the treasury, and we have the history of this most popular house for several weeks past. Long may this state of things flourish.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—On Monday evening there was a great revival of the celebrated piece, "Medina." It attracted one of the old-fashioned Niblo's audiences, and went off with every evidence of enthusiastic approbation. Gabriel, Antoine and Jerome Ravel, Marietta Zanetti, Theresa Rola and the many other excellent artists, with the capital ballet troupe, appear every evening in a series of attractive and magnificent pieces. One cannot select a dull night at Niblo's, for every night is a gala-night there.

BARNES'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—We perceive that the management of this establishment announces that dyspeptic patients can be perfectly cured during any afternoon or evening for the small sum of twenty-five cents. This is effected by a course of comic pieces, excellently performed, which, exciting the visible facilities, causes a violent exercise of the diaphragm and produces a sort of international revolution in the alimentary canal, which banishes the food fiend, dyspepsia, and a host of patients are cured. They, of course, send their friends, and so the Museum is perpetually crowded.

WOOD'S NEW BUILDINGS, BROADWAY, NEAR PRINCE.—An entire new farce called "The Black Doorkeeper" was offered to the public last week, and was, of course, a great success, as an entire new farce ought to be, if only for the novelty of the thing. Besides the fresh attraction of the entire new farce, some of the very best negro minstrelsy in the country was given, and received with the usual enthusiasm. We commend all who love fun to remember George Christy & Wood's in their moments of deepest despondency.

The interesting and attractive exhibitions of Pictures, the English Gallery at the rooms of the Academy of Design, and the French Gallery at the rooms of the old Art Union are still open to the public. The large and increasing attendance at these galleries has induced the proprietors to keep them open for some time longer. They are really well worth seeing, and we advise our readers to pay them a visit without fail.

We would also direct their attention to the chaotic and beautiful entertainment at Empire Hall. The Kane Voyage is illustrated magnificently. We have rarely passed two hours more pleasantly in a place of public amusement.

## THE BITER BIT.—A MOORISH LEGEND.

A SPANISH Moor, being on the eve of setting out on a pilgrimage to Mecca, trusted all his money to a man who had hitherto borne a reputation for unblemished probity. His fortune consisted of two thousand besants. On his return, he was not a little surprised when the reputed honest man denied all knowledge of himself or his money. The pilgrim entered a complaint against him, entreated the judge to help him to his property, and took his oath on the truth of his statement—but all in vain! The old man's good name outweighed all he could say; the plaintiff was nonsuited, and went away in despair.

Presently he met an old woman, who was toddling along with the help of a staff. Touched by the stranger's grief, he stopped him, hailed him in Allah's name, bid him take heart, and, having listened to his unvarnished tale, she said: "Be of good cheer, young man. Maybe, with Allah's name, I shall get back your gold. Do you buy a chest, and fill it with sand, or mould; only let it be bound with iron, and well locked. Then choose three or four discreet men, and come to me. We shall succeed, never fear."

The Spanish Moor followed her advice punctually. He came with four friends, bringing a chest which the strongest porters could scarcely drag along.

"Now follow me," said the old woman.

On reaching the door of the supposed honest man, she went in with the Spaniard's four friends, bidding the latter wait below, and not make his appearance until the chest had been carried upstairs.

She now stood in the presence of the hypocrite, when she introduced her four companions, saying, "Behold, here are some honest Spaniards about to make a pilgrimage to Egypt. Their treasures are boundless. They possess amongst other things, ten chests full of gold and silver, that they know not where to stow away just at present. They would fain intrust them to safe hands for a time; so I, well knowing your honesty and unswerving reputation, have brought them hither. Pray fulfil their wishes."

Meanwhile she had the heavy chest brought in, which the pretended honest man gloated over with greedy looks. But just then the despoiled pilgrim rushed in, impetuously claiming back his two thousand besants. The faithless depository was frightened; and, lest the young man should reproach him with his treachery in presence of the strangers, who would then take away their chest with its untold treasures, which he had already determined to appropriate to himself, he cried out to the Moor: "Be welcome! I was almost afraid you would never come back, and was puzzled what I should do with the two thousand besants. Allah be praised, who has brought you back safe! Here is what belongs to you."

The Spanish Moor went away with his treasure as triumphant as though he were carrying off so much booty. The old woman begged the master of the house to put this first chest in a safe place, while she went and ordered the rest to be sent. She then sneaked off with her four companions, and, of course, never returned.

ROMANCE OF A LIFE.—A few days since a white-haired old man was standing in one of the market-places of Cincinnati, recounting the incidents which had happened to him during a checkered existence. It seems that about thirty years ago he deserted in a cowardly mood his wife and three children, living in Lancaster, Pa., because he had no means of supporting them, and took to the sea, visited various parts of the world—Europe, the Holy Land, South America (where he remained several years), California, and lastly China; but in all his wanderings poverty adhered to him, like the shirt of Nessus, and a few days ago he returned to New York, infirm, needy, and almost worn out. He commenced a search for his wife and children among his old friends at Lancaster, but the deserted wife and one of her children had lain years in the grave, and the old man again set forth a wanderer and a stranger in the land. Chance directed his footsteps to Cincinnati, and while he was relating his adventures to a group of listeners, as above-mentioned, a young cabinet-maker paused to listen as he was on his way to dinner, and, questioning the old man, discovered that he was his father! The son was a small lad when his parent left home, but had heard enough of his history to know that the wanderer before him was his father. He took the old man warmly by the arm, carried him to his boarding-house, and will smooth his footpath to the grave with filial kindness.

## SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

DURING the late gale a brakeman named Cushman, in the employ of the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, was blown from his stand on the platform of a freight car while running at full speed, the wheels passing over him, killing him instantly.

The Dalton divorce case has been discontinued by mutual consent.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* relates the story of a young lady, aged eighteen, who while on a visit to some friends near Columbus, became so attached to a mocking-bird there, that when the bird died she went mad with grief, and attempted to commit suicide by stabbing herself with a pair of scissors.

It is thought that the Mormons can bring an effective force of fifteen thousand men into the field, and more than as many Indian allies.

The Hannah Moore Female Academy and the Episcopal Church in Reisterstown, Ind., have been burnt.

Miss Lucena Wyman, eighty-five years old, was burned to death by her clothes taking fire in the Marlboro' (Mass.) poor-house. Many years ago her mother perished in the same way in the same room.

Albert Smith, a Tonawanda Indian, ran ten miles in fifty-five minutes and twenty-eight seconds at Cleveland, Ohio.

The schooner Antelope, which left Chicago last week with a cargo of wheat for Oswego, was blown ashore at the mouth of the St. Joseph river on the night of the late gale, and with her cargo was a total loss. Captain Budl and four of the seamen were frozen to death.

John Oussley, of Springfield, Ill., has a wheat field of twenty-five hundred acres.

A mad fox has bitten three cows belonging to Hiram Richmond, of Buckland, all of whom have since died. The fox was found dead in the pasture; and it is feared that other cattle in the vicinity may have been attacked by him.

The Free Love Society, near Sandusky, Ohio, has been broken up.

A boy, four years of age, the child of Mr. Leonard, was lost in the woods, about four miles from Milledgeville, on Monday, the 19th ult. There was a heavy fall of rain during the entire day, and blew off quite cool at night. All efforts to find the lost one have as yet proved fruitless.

The Mobile Register says that in addition to the 400 filibusters who sailed with Walker from that port, about 350 have gone from other ports of the United States in sailing vessels, thus making the total between 700 and 800 men.

Wm. Whiting, Esq., who resides near Boston, has found a source of amusement in his spare hours congenial to his tastes, in ingeniously fortifying his house by means of magnetic electrical contrivances, that no door or window in his house can be opened at night without causing a bell in his bedroom to strike, while at the same time a dial-indicator indicates the particular door or window which is opened. The lodge or house of his gardener is a few rods distant on his grounds, and by touching a knob at the head of his bed Mr. Whiting can ring a bell in the gardener's bedroom, and thus summon him at any hour in the night when his assistance may be needed. The mechanism is so arranged that by no possibility can a burglar pre-arrange matters so as to interfere with the working of the system at any of the windows or doors.

The Cumberland *Civilian* says that the ice is about five inches thick there, on the Potomac Mills creek and the canal, affording fine skating.

Last week a most terrible gale prevailed upon the Lower Ohio and Mississippi rivers, by which sixteen coal-boats, containing 300,000 bushels, valued at \$60,000, were totally lost in the vicinity of Cairo, together with one hundred persons who were on board of them. A number of other boats are also reported lost. The storm was so severe that all the steamers on the Lower Ohio were compelled to tie up for safety.

On Saturday morning, the 28th ult., the steamer Rainbow was burned on the Mississippi river, ten miles above Napoleon, Ark., and from fifty to seventy lives are reported lost, including all the officers.

Snow has commenced falling at Buffalo, N.Y. The canal is frozen over tight, and unless the weather moderates there will be no further movement of boats. The harbor is still open, but is full of floating ice.

It is rumored, and generally believed, that Craddock, for whose murder, a year and a half ago, several persons are now under arrest in Louisville, has been seen in Texas within two months.

Last week an inmate of the lunatic asylum at Jacksonville managed to make his escape. Disguising himself, he went to the office of the Jacksonville *Journal*, and had a lot of posters issued announcing an exhibition to be given by him that night of tricks in legerdemain. Quite a number of persons paid their admission fee, and waited a long time for the magician; but the magician had pocketed the proceeds, and left for parts unknown.

Hon. Horatio Seymour, LL.D., died at Middlebury, on Saturday fortnight. He represented Vermont in the United States Senate twenty years, from 1821 to 1838, and was among the most prominent and respected citizens of the State.

At Moscow, lately, great curiosity was excited by an experiment being made with a new description of locomotive, running along the streets, and so constructed as to cause the wheels to lay down a sort of wooden rails as they advanced. The locomotive dragged after it a number of carts heavily laden. The experiment, though the first made, had perfectly succeeded. The author of the invention is a trader of Moscow, named Prokhoroff.

A great excitement has been created in Orange by the disappearance in this city of Mr. Samuel B. Griswold, a farmer of that township. He had purchased a piece of land in Ashland county, and the goods were packed and his family ready for removal.

It is stated that notice has been given by the Postmaster of San Francisco that many letters arrive at his office from the Atlantic States, via Panama, which are found adhering so closely together by sealing-wax, that it is impossible to separate them without mutilating, and in many cases, entirely destroying the addresses.

A boat containing four men was carried over the Cohoes Dam, on the 2d inst. One man was drowned, and the others remained in the water all night.

On Monday, the 9th ult., Mr. Ira Porter was dispossessed of Sheriff Leroy of the premises then occupied by him under a lease owned by John Hunter, Jr., and Mr. James L. Beers was put in possession. On the morning following he found letters warning him to leave. No attention was paid to these threats, and on the 14th ult., about half-past ten p. m., firing at the house began. Several shots were fired, and marks of rifle and musket balls to the number of twenty-three were found in the sides of the house. Several of the balls penetrated the house in the vicinity of the bed upon which a young man was sleeping, and one passed entirely through the house, striking upon the roof of the kitchen beyond. Fortunately, the rest of the family were sleeping in rooms not exposed to the firing.

The Welsh inhabitants of the neighborhood of Utica are making provision for a literary and musical festival at Mechanics' Hall, on the 1st of January next, similar to that held by them at the beginning of the present year. It will be an Extended or Literary Convention, such as is common in Wales.

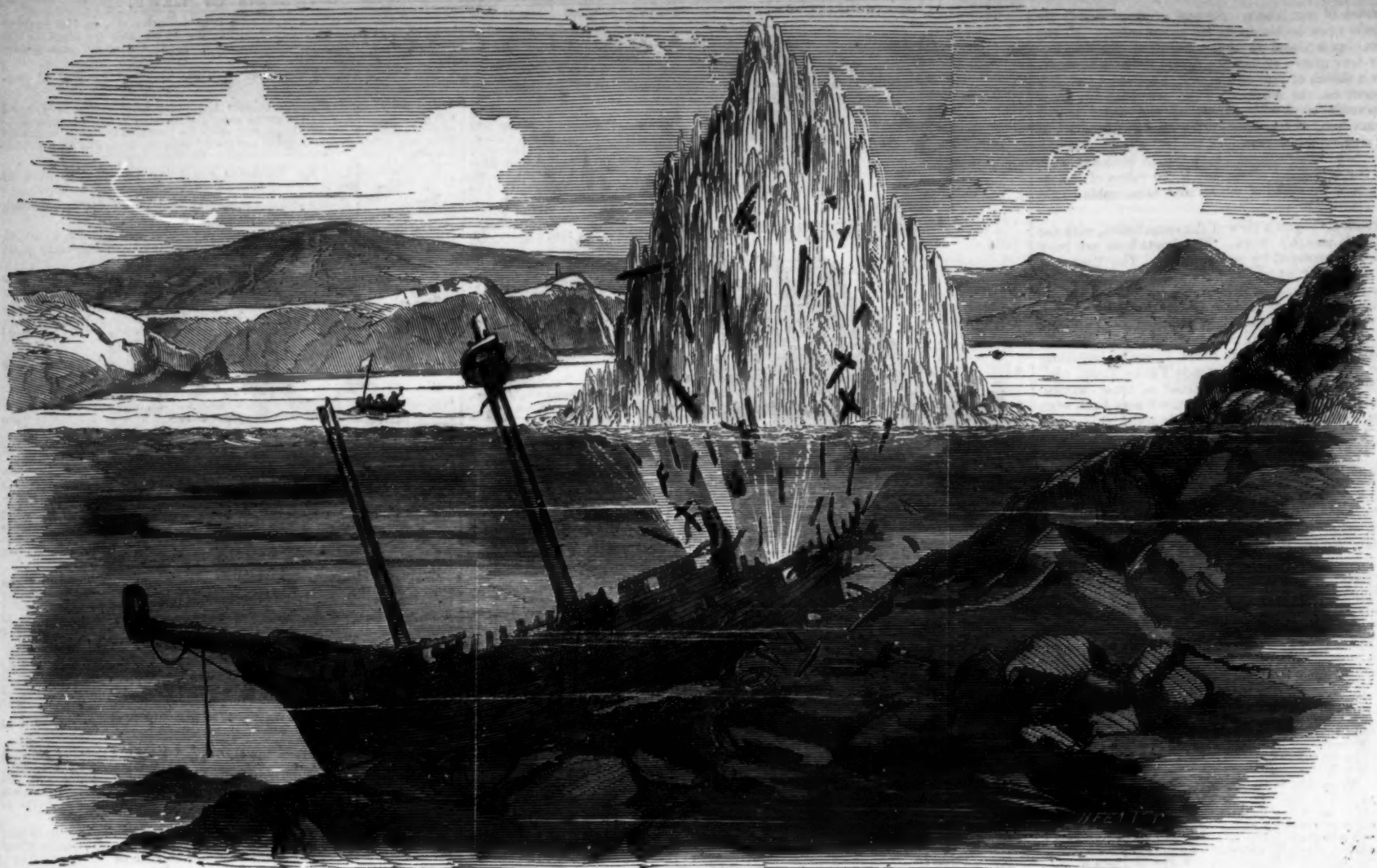
The Manchester *American* states that the print works in that city have resumed the manufacture of calicoes on full time. The several companies, mostly engaged in the manufacture of books, who occupy the "Junction shop," at Worcester, have also commenced work on full time. Work was suspended throughout the whole shop about four weeks ago.

At a recent wedding in Trenton, N. J., it is stated the bride received presents of splendid sets of jewelry, a complete tea service of heavy silver, a box containing silver spoons, knives and forks, five dozen each, several sets of exquisitely beautiful and very costly lace, together with a complete outfit of household and table linen. To crown the whole was a purse of \$600, another of \$800, a third of \$1,000, and a check for \$10,000.

All next week the members of Congress will be pouring into Washington, and in their train (besides a small army already on hand) a host of office-seekers, wire-pullers, speculators, schemers and politicians. There are said to be more applicants for the offices in and about the Capital than there ever were before. The hotels and boarding-houses are filling rapidly.

MORRIS TERRORS OF A MILLIONAIRE.—The following anecdotes are told about Morrison, the great English millionaire, who died lately in London, leaving some \$20,000,000 accumulated by himself. Mr. Morrison retired from active business several years since, without withdrawing his capital from the mercantile house, and though managing his vast funds himself up to the time of his death with all the sagacity of earlier days, he has for the last three years been possessed with the idea that he should come to want. More than two years ago he commenced doing day labor upon a farm held by one of his tenants, for which he received twelve shillings a week, and this he continued up to the time of his death. For the last eighteen months he has been a regular applicant for relief to the parish, assembling twice a week with the town paupers at the door of the Union, and receiving with each one of them his two shillings and a quarter loaf. His friends have indulged him in these fancies on the ground that it was the best choice of two evils. The truth is money was his God, and the idea at last became too great for him, and broke him down. And yet he is said to have made a most judicious will, and his investments up to the last are characterized with great good sense. The probate duty on his will exceeds £100,000.





COL. GOWAN'S PARTY ENGAGED CLEARING THE HARBOR OF SEBASTOPOL OF THE SUNKEN RUSSIAN SHIPS. BLOWING UP THE HULL OF THE EIGHTY-FOUR GUN SHIP SAGOUDUL.

#### OUR SEBASTOPOL CORRESPONDENCE.

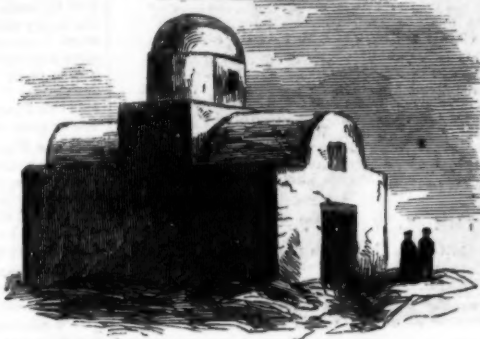
Americans Start for Sebastopol, What is Seen on the Voyage, Maretimo, Milo, The Harbor of Sebastopol, How the Ruins of the City Appear, The Sunk Russian Vessels, Blowing up Worthless Ships, Sights and Scenes, Hard Times for Dry Goods and Hotel Accommodations.

PREVIOUS to Col. Gowan's departure for Sebastopol to fulfil his contract of clearing the harbor of the sunken Russian vessels, we made arrangements for a correspondence. We now have the pleasure of placing the first letter we have received before our readers, accompanied with sketches by C. Walkinshaw, Esq., secretary and draughtsman attached to Col. Gowan's expedition:

"SEBASTOPOL, Nov. 1, 1857.

"It has now become the business of the Americans to appear on the grand theatre in which the three mightiest nations of the East have already acted and retired, making way for Brother Jonathan, who is now exerting his practical energies upon the scene of such terrible warfare. Of the particulars of Col. Gowan's contract your readers are aware. To carry it out, the advance party of the expedition, including thirty-two persons, set sail from Philadelphia, loaded with stores and material. In twenty-five days the vessel passed Gibraltar, and a few days afterwards came in sight of the little island of Maretimo, lying close to the western end of Sicily. Its grim old castle keeping watch over the deep, the quiet little village by the bay, and the green fields on the hill-side beyond, were pleasing sights to the eye long accustomed to

the dreary waste of the sea. In a few days more we were gliding over the waters from which Venus rose at her birth. On the

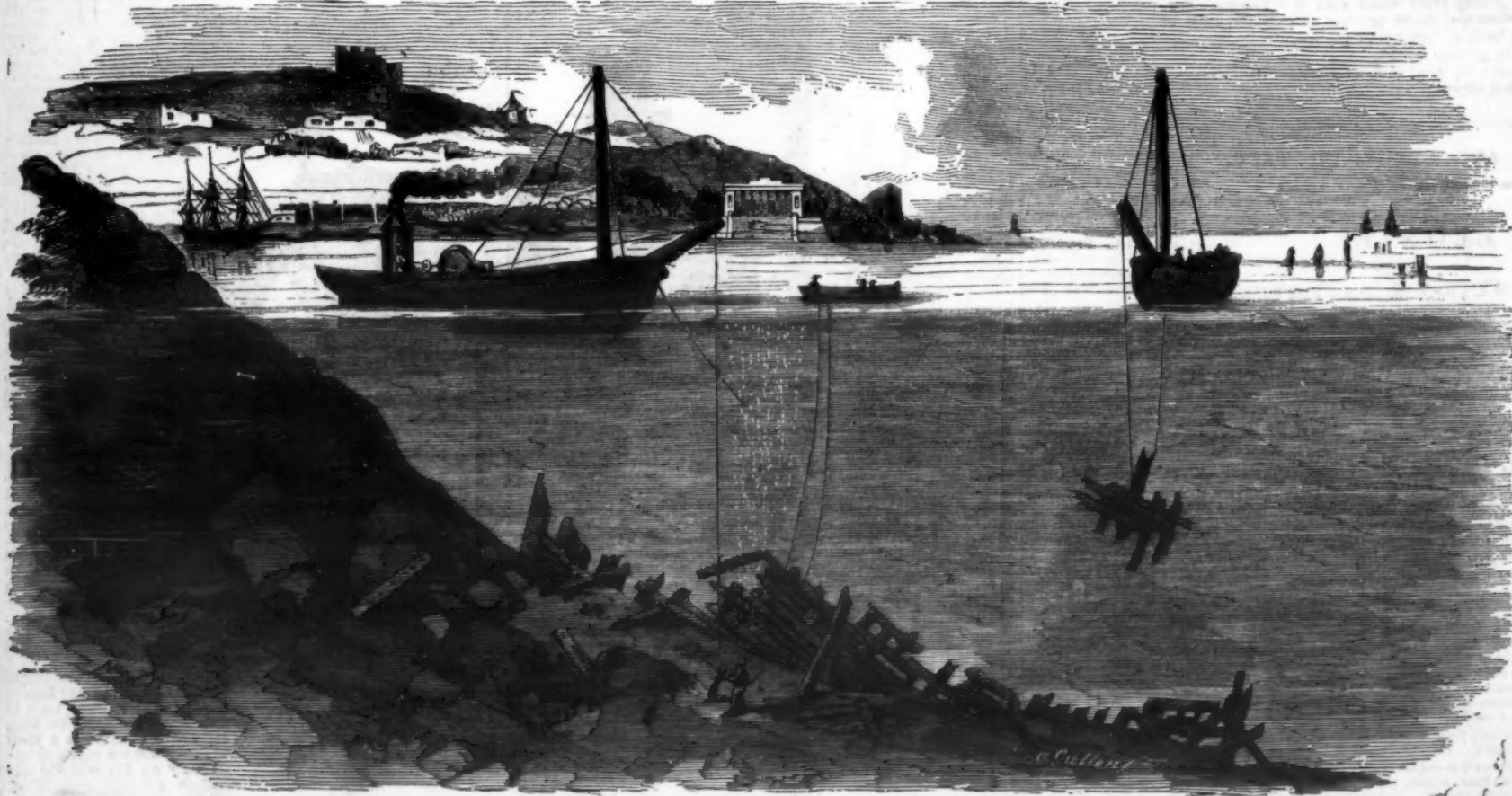


ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, MILO.

same day, at sundown, we ran close by Milo, prominent because of its little church of St. George perched on the top. Here we

took a pilot for Constantinople. In less than seven weeks from the time we left Philadelphia we cast anchor in the still waters of the inner harbor of Sebastopol.

"Here the ruin presented is most complete. Not a habitable house remains to tell what Sebastopol really was; but the walls, even in their present ruins, riddled with shot and devastated by fire, proclaim the elegance that once characterized the place. In many of the walls the large shot are still to be found buried deep in the stone, from whence they grin as if in derision at the enormities of war. Whilst in the streets you will find fragments of shell at almost every step, and here and there great pits where bombshells burst, perhaps alongside of some gentleman who was taking the air for the benefit of his health, and blowing him up for no other reason than that he had got into bad company. Such are the objects which meet the eye within the town. The place is now fast filling up, the population being about eight thousand. All the forts on this side of the bay have been blown up, and now resemble mounds of rubbish. Those on the north side are very different, being uninjured. The principal of these is Fort Constantine, with three tiers of guns. The embrasures of this fort are still black with powder smoke. Against these the allies had thrown up some powerful batteries, which if they had ever been used, would most likely have altered the appearance of things on the north side. All along the bay the masts of the sunken vessels are to be seen sticking up. These number on the chart seventy-five of all sizes, from 120 gun ships down.



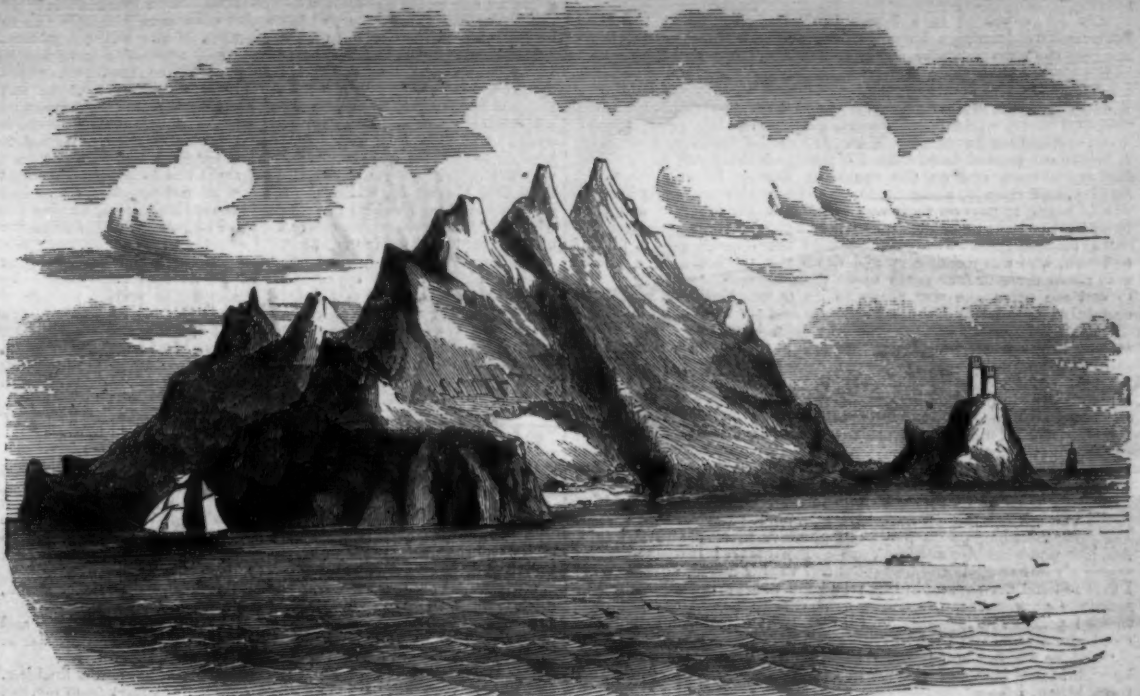
VIEW OF THE SAME VESSEL, THE SAGOUDUL, AFTER A MONTH'S LABOR SPENT IN BLOWING HER TO PIECES.



"Here is the scene of our labors. Several of these vessels are unfit to raise; these must be blown up by gunpowder. Off the ruins of Port Paul lay a vessel in that condition—the ship *Sagoual*, of eighty-four guns; on her the divers are now at work. I have given you a sketch of one of the first explosions on this vessel, as it appeared on the surface. That one, with one hundred and fifty pounds of powder, threw up the water to the height of about forty feet. These blasts bring up a great variety of articles—timber, rigging and stores. To the left is to be seen the north side of the bay, with almost every height crowned with earthworks. At the upper end of the bay is the valley of Inkerman, on the heights to the right of which that memorable battle was fought.

"The second sketch gives you a view of the same vessel, with the progress made after a month's work. The boats here are busy removing the pieces disengaged by an explosion. The timber is all fastened with copper, of which we have got a large quantity. In the distance is the town and its ruins. On the hilltop are the remains of the military library. Below this, to the right, are the Boulevards, and still further to the right is the laundry-place, with its columns. Here is the general promenade, and here the military band plays twice or three times a week, including Sundays. To the left, along the shore, stands Yauke Town, consisting of half a dozen barracks. In the front of these houses, which are occupied by the men, lies our bark, the *Susan Jane*, with a portion of her out cargo on board—of valuable relics, dug out of their graves after a three years' sleep. Rare times these! And rare times have our graveyard company, too, in their comfortable quarters. From the hour of midnight, all the night long, strange sights are to be seen of ghosts and hobgoblins, to the terror of all around, and so scaring the cook's galley that it ran up the hill a few nights ago, for the other side of Jordan, with the cook in it, who thought the world was coming to an end, as he never had such a ride as that before.

"Although we received the impression from military correspondents that the winters in the Crimea were intensely cold, we find that the water in the harbor never freezes, and that our men can work, so far as the weather is concerned, comfortably the year round. The Russian officials are very strict, and, more



THE ISLAND OF MARETIMO, OFF THE WEST COAST OF SICILY.

"But, monsieur, is there no other way of satisfying your creditors? Take my jewels—"

well the moment that Leonie marries, my power to dispose of this interest ceases, and yet you would have me fix the day for her marriage, the day which would proclaim my dishonor to the world! My own property is all forfeited, and most of a property, which is not mine, is mortgaged for a period which is now on the point of expiring, and which I must redeem if the world is not to brand me as a villain. All this your daughter can avert by consenting to give up her lover, and withdraw for life into a convent. I should not have thought that plan would have been so displeasing to you, madame. Besides, she can then pass her life in praying for me; surely you would not deprive me of the prayers of my daughter. Do you not think that I must stand in need of them?" he added, bitterly.

"Ah, monsieur, have pity, have mercy upon your child, your nephew. They will ask for nothing better than to aid you in any plan to redeem your honor. I am sure Eugene will think right of any sacrifice which would redeem Leonie from the cruel fate you propose her."

"You exasperate me, madame, by your useless entreaties—all your plans are vain—futile. I know better than that what must be done to save me, not only from utter ruin, but from dishonor. Why do you persist in importunities which are childish to the last degree? Go," he continued, seizing her violently by the wrist, as she tried to throw herself on her knees before him; "go, and tell Leonie to come here instantly; and as for Eugene, if he is in the house, you may tell him to leave it directly, and not to re-enter it or cross my path again. He is my bitterest enemy; what right has he to be my heir? why must I account to him? Go, and tell Leonie that it is her duty to obey her father, and show your real piety, madame, by preparing her to yield me that implicit obedience which you know your religion inculcates;" and he flung his wife from him, who quietly bared her arm, and there, encircling it, like a bracelet of blood, the trace of his five fingers was distinctly visible.

M. de Penthievre looked at it uneasily, and said, "Why do you rouse me, then, to such a pitch of anger, with your delays and importunities, when you can very well see that my purpose is fixed? Besides, it is all your fault. Why did you not give me a son, who, if he could not have helped me to cut off the entail of the estate, would not have exacted so rigorous an account of it at my hands as I must give to Eugene."

The unhappy wife hid her face in her hands, whilst the tears forced themselves through her fingers. "Ah, Henry, Henry!" she said, "after nearly twenty years of undisturbed happiness—"

"Well, madame, you have but one way of preventing such an outbreak on my part for the future; you have only to do what I advise you, or shall I go and fetch Leonie myself?"

"Oh, no, monsieur. I will tell her what you require of her; let me break your cruel resolutions to her."

"Then let it be done at once, madame; I expect you here in less



LEONIE SIGNING THE WORDS BY WHICH SHE BOUND HERSELF TO TAKE THE VEIL.

from accident often, perhaps, than design, are sometimes very oppressive in their regulations and demands.

"Everything that is necessary for clothing sells at this place at enormous prices, three or four times as much as is charged in the United States. Nearly every storekeeper is a German Jew. In the whole of Sebastopol there are but two hotels, each of which can, after a fashion, accommodate some fifty persons. From the difficulty in getting writing-paper, you must be content with a short letter; my next shall be more full, and, I trust, not altogether without interest. W."

## A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL TALE, To be completed in a few Numbers.

### LEONIE; OR, THE GAMESTER'S DAUGHTER.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Ah! but, monsieur, what you say to me on that subject is horrible."

"Call it what name you please, madame, it is nevertheless true. Leonie must obey my will. She is no longer to consider herself betrothed to her cousin Eugene, but prepare instantly to enter the convent which I shall choose for her, and for the reasons which I have had the honor to lay before you."

"Oh, Henry! Henry!" implored the distracted mother, to whom these words were addressed, "for mercy's sake—for heaven's sake consider what you are doing! What will you say to Eugene for this breach of a contract which was made, not only with your full approbation, but by your own desire; and now, when the time you yourself fixed for the marriage is come, you rudely break it off!"

"You have brought forward two very good pleas, no doubt, madame, in your own opinion; but in mine, I can assure you they have very little weight. My creditors will not be put off, therefore this marriage must be set aside."

"Do not say such cruel things to me, Henry; you know I do not deserve them. But I do implore you to reconsider your determination to force Leonie to enter a convent. Surely something might be done before such an extreme step were taken. How horrible to think that the very fortune which was to have contributed to their happiness should be the very means of destroying it."

"I am surprised, madame, that a woman of your very great piety should make such a remark. I should have thought that you, of all others, would instantly have recognised the finger of God in this strange disposition of events, which were meant by my brother to have a very contrary termination. But enough of this. Go and tell Leonie that I desire to speak with her instantly."

"Your jewels, madame! Pah! they would be but a grain in the balance; besides, they have long been mortgaged. Whilst you thought you were wearing the diamonds of Madame de Penthievre, you were in effect wearing the diamonds of Monsieur Emanuel, the rich money-lender."

"Ah, monsieur, how frightful! The diamonds, the family diamonds; I did not speak of them, for they are neither mine nor yours to dispose of. Eugene, to whom your estate comes, will require those from the hands of his predecessor. I spoke of those I had from the hands of my father."

"It is quite useless speaking of any, madame; they are all in the same condition. If Leonie would have the honor of her father's forfeited, let her refuse to submit to my proposal. There are other things in pawn besides the diamonds, which belong to Eugene, as you so justly remark."

"Surely, surely, monsieur, they would give you time to redeem them. Why not take the interest of Leonie's fortune, instead of allowing it to accumulate to enlarge the capital. You have the power to do so—to apply it to your own use, if you required it."

"I tell you, madame," continued M. de Penthievre, bursting out into a bitter laugh, "that I have already anticipated the good advice which you now give me. In plain words then hear me. The interest of the money which my brother left to Leonie has for the last six months been paid over to the most insatiable of my creditors. You know



"A STRONG ARM TOOK LEONIE FROM HIS GRASP, AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT HE STOOD CONFRONTING LEONIE'S FATHER."



than ten minutes—it cannot take much time to tell her what I require.”

This scene passed in a house in Paris, situated on the Quai d'Orsay. It stood in a large garden, at one end of which, overlooking the river, ran a broad terrace walk. Lilacs and laburnums, in full bloom, shed their fragrance in the morning air, and large horse-chestnut trees reared pyramids of beautiful white spikes, tinged with pink, whilst azaleas of every varied hue, and rhododendrons pink and white, crimson and scarlet, surrounded the green smooth lawn, or filled the borders cut in it. It was the latter end of May. A bright sun poured down a flood of glory on the fresh flowers, on the green lawn and on the sparkling Seine. It was Pentecost Sunday, and already, along the streets and Boulevards, gaily dressed people began to pass on their way to mass in the different churches to which the bells had already begun to summon them.

“I cannot think why mamma does not come,” said a girl of eighteen, who was walking up and down the terrace with a young man about three or four years older than herself. “She promised to call me when she was ready to go to St. Roch’s. We shall certainly be too late. I think I must go and see what she is doing.”

“Oh, no, Leonie, do not go yet—the bells have only just begun. It is so lovely here, and I want to speak to you before my aunt returns. You do not wish to leave me, do you?”

“Oh, no, Eugene. I dare say there will be plenty of time. Mamma will surely come for me. But what have you so serious to say to me? You look grave indeed.”

“Oh, Leonie! can I look otherwise, when all sorts of dark presentiments fill my mind? Can you tell me what dreadful misfortune hovers over us, my Leonie?”

“I am no prophet, dear Eugene—I cannot read the future. Perhaps it is as well for us that it is beyond my power; but I can judge enough by the present that all is not right with my father. For some months past he has been gloomy, morose and irritable. Ah, how much happier were we down at Penthièvre! It was soon after mamma’s father died, and he brought us to this house, now his, that I first noticed the change in him; and the nearer the time for our marriage approaches, the worse he seems to be. Alas, my dear father! perhaps he is unhappy at the thought of losing me, his only child—he always loved me so tenderly.”

“But he will not lose you, my Leonie. He knows that you are to be with him at least six months in the year. No, it must be something worse, I fear.”

“What do you fear? Oh, Eugene, for pity’s sake, tell me!” said Leonie, looking imploringly in the face of her betrothed.

“I am afraid, from several things which I have heard, that his affairs are involved, my Leonie. He has seemed so restless, too, of late, and I have noticed other signs, which appear to me very suspicious. Do you know why he is out so late at night? Sometimes very early in the morning, alone, unattended! One morning coming home from Adolphe’s house, where we had been keeping it up rather late, for it was already day, I saw your father come out of a house in the Rue Richelieu, which I little thought he would have entered. He was alone, on foot. He walked quickly, crossed the Pont du Carrousel, and let himself in by the garden gate with a latch key. I caught a glimpse of his face as he came out of that house—it was pale and haggard, and his eyes were wild.”

“Oh, Eugene, you must have been mistaken—it could not have been my father.”

“It is too true, my Leonie. I followed him at a distance, and saw him come in here; and I have been told by those who know him well that it is not an unfrequent occurrence.”

“I cannot tell, Eugene; I had not the slightest idea but that he was sleeping quietly at home. He is certainly very much altered of late. He is so taciturn, so irritable, and at times he seems quite to shun me; and only last night, when I put my arms round his neck to kiss him, as I have done so often, he started back, as if I had stung him. He is so unlike what he used to be! I have indeed noticed all this, but I did not like to speak either to you or mamma about it. I thought it might be a fancy of mine.”

“It is no fancy, my own Leonie, it is all a sad reality; and when only yesterday I asked him when he would have the goodness to fix the day of our marriage, can you imagine what his answer was?”

“No, Eugene—what was it?”

“He said there was time enough for that; and when I urged that you were two months past eighteen, the time he had himself fixed for our union, he turned fiercely upon me, and said, ‘I suppose you are very anxious to be master of her fortune!’”

Leonie started. “Oh, Eugene!” she exclaimed, her dark eyes filling with tears, “surely, surely he could not say that!”

“He did indeed, Leonie. I confess to you that I was so hurt by his unwarranted remark that I disdained a reply and left the room, and am afraid that I was wanting in respect to my uncle; but it was such an unprovoked attack.”

Leonie leant over the low wall which ran along the high terrace. Tears now fell fast from her eyes as they rested upon the scene before her, as though she saw nothing of it; and yet it was one of no common beauty—one which might well win the admiration of those who looked upon it. On the other side of the road which passed beneath the high wall, on the top of which lay the terrace where she was standing, the bright waters of the Seine sparkled through the trembling leaves of the tall poplars, which here and there grew on its banks. On the other side of the broad river lay the garden of the Tuilleries, gay with the flowers of white and pink hawthorn, yellow laburnum, pale purple lilac, and the white spikes of the tall horse-chestnut trees. Through all this mass of flowers and foliage rose the palace itself, with its beautiful arch crowned with the group of spirited horses, and still further to the right stood the Louvre in all its gloomy grandeur. To the left the sprays of the fountains on the Place de la Concorde glistened between the leaves, and fell in a feathery shower into the basins below, amongst the Tritons and the Nereides supporting them. Across the Pont de la Concorde, and as far as the eye could reach, stretched the long, cool green alleys of the Champs Elysées, with hundreds of gala-dressed people walking in the shade of its double row of tall lime trees. Away down, and far to the left, stretched the sparkling river and cool fresh verdure past the Assemblée Nationale; the eye could follow it as far as the Champ de Mars. Up the river, and away to the right, might be seen the bridges which spanned the rushing waters almost as far as the Isle de Paris, and the dark towers of Notre Dame towering over the quaint houses of the old city.

“Leonie,” said the young man to her, whilst he gently took her hand and pressed it affectionately, “if I had known it would have grieved you so much, I would never have told you what your father said to me. Pray, do not think any more of it. I wish I had not told you.”

“But I must think of it, Eugene,” she replied. “It was so unjust to you. I cannot think what made him say it. I am afraid he is very much opposed to our marriage. Perhaps he does not wish it to take place at all.”

“Oh, Leonie, that can never be. I feel certain now that he must have been more than usually irritable when he said that. He can never wish to oppose our marriage when it was he himself who first proposed it to my mother, long before I had ever seen you.”

“If it is only his money affairs which are involved it would not so much signify,” said Leonie, “for we could easily put that all right when we were married, could we not, Eugene? You will have absolute disposal then of the fortune my uncle left me.”

“Yes, my Leonie, that would be a very small affair, even if it took the whole of that money, compared to what our separation would be. If I thought that were the only obstacle to our union it would not last long. But come out of this hot sun, dear Leonie. I am sure your head aches; let us go into the conservatory, it is cooler. My aunt will find us there.”

“Let us go, Eugene,” she said. “My head does indeed ache and my heart too. My poor father! I wonder what is wrong with him.”

“Let us but once find that out, Leonie, and we shall soon find a remedy for it. No sacrifice would be too great for me, could it but insure your happiness.”

Leonie, for answer, only gave her companion a quick, bright look of gratitude and affection. Indeed the course of their love had hitherto run so smoothly that it represented more the deep affection of brother and sister than the passionate ardor of young lovers. But there was a look in both their eyes which spoke of untried depths of passion and earnest endurance. The eyes of Leonie were of a deep, rich brown, with long brown eyelashes curling down upon a cheek of almost transparent fairness, whilst the upper eyelashes, quite as long and curled, rested against the brow whenever she raised her eyes. This peculiarity displayed their full depth, and gave them an

expression of such fixed searchingness and such deep truth, that many an eye would have fallen before them. Rich brown curls hung round her sweet, pure face, which would have been almost weak in its feminine expression but for the firmness of the well-cut mouth. Eugene, her cousin and her betrothed, had eyes of a jetty black, now soft as velvet, now flashing like fire; whilst the blood would mount to his cheek and flush his open brow whenever a chord was touched in his heart by some tale of high daring, noble endurance, self-denial or enthusiastic devotion, though it must be confessed it would as readily blush with anger for anything he deemed unjust to himself or to others. Glossy black curls played round temples rosy with the coloring of youth and health, and as he bent his tall, slight form over his cousin, whilst he fastened a crimson camellia he had just gathered in the belt of her light blue morning dress, kissing the while her fair forehead, no one could have helped wishing well to one of such frank and noble bearing.

Whilst he was so employed, Madame de Penthièvre came into the conservatory to them. She stopped at the door to contemplate the group before her. The sun slanted through the scarlet stripes of the blinds, through the glittering leaves, the bright flowers, and around the youthful figures of the betrothed, and reflected itself on their bright hair, and lit up their dark eyes. The poor mother could not repress a groan as she witnessed the tender action of the young man, and the confiding, gentle look of affection of the young girl. They both perceived her at the same time.

“Oh, mamma,” said Leonie, advancing towards her, “how long you have been! But what makes you look so pale? What is the matter with you?”

“You weep, dear aunt,” said Eugene. “What misfortune has happened?” he asked, as he tried to lead her to a chair.

“Ah! my children,” said the poor mother, “a misfortune which falls heavily upon both of you. God alone can give you strength to bear its weight. Leonie, your father wishes to see you; he desires to inform you of the reasons for which he no longer consents to your marriage with Eugene. He means to dispose of you otherwise.”

“No longer consents to our marriage!” exclaimed Eugene. “Ah, my aunt, what you say cannot be really true.”

“It is but too true, my son,” replied the unfortunate lady, “and before long you will hear it yourself from the lips of your uncle. He means Leonie to enter a convent and to take the vows.”

“Just Heavens!” exclaimed the young man, his cheek flushing, and his eye burning. “Leonie—my Leonie! take her from me, put her in a convent! Why, he gave her to me; he dare not take her from me; he cannot, he dare not,” and he clasped to his heart the young girl, who, from the moment her mother had said, “he no longer consents to your marriage,” had stood pale, and bending forwards, opened her dark eyes wide upon her mother’s face, as if she meant to read in its despair how far the sentence she transmitted to her was irrevocable.

Hasty steps were now heard traversing the adjoining drawing-room, and the door of the conservatory on that side was flung open with a force which sent its purple panes shivering to the ground. Leonie heard the sound. It was like the crash of doom to her hopes. She raised her head from Eugene’s breast, and met her father’s furious look with an eye so unwavering and full, that for an instant he hesitated; then advancing towards her he seized her by the arm, and turning to his wife loaded her with reproaches.

“In this way, madame, you justify the confidence I repose in you? It was no doubt to hatch treason against me, and concert some plan to defeat my wishes, that you are assembled here, instead of sending Leonie to me as you promised. But it is like you. The extra goodness you profess is only a cloak to your gross hypocrisy. You only want a fourth here, madame, to complete the group! Why is your confessor not with you to aid you in your schemes, and to learn all the secrets of my family from the lips of her in whose bosom it ought to be securely buried.”

This was all so sudden and overwhelming that no one had thought of interrupting him. He had now completely disengaged Leonie from her cousin’s embrace, or, rather, she had yielded to his imperious gesture, and from a sense of filial respect, and obeying the command implied in his eye and voice, she now stood prepared to follow him.

“Stay, monsieur,” said Eugene—“stay, I implore you. Surely I have a right to know why you thus tear Leonie from me—Leonie whom you gave to me yourself. It cannot be that you have the power to dispose of her in this arbitrary manner—that you possess the right to destroy our happiness by a mere fiat of your will.”

“I have no desire to bandy words with you just now, sir,” answered his uncle, returning his look of defiance with a quick, fierce glance; “nor have I any intention of entering into a discussion of my rights as a father with one so well versed in socialist doctrines as you appear to be. Leonie is not your wife yet; and till she is, the only person who has a right to dispose of her is undoubtedly myself. Not only do I now desire that you will not interfere in my family affairs, but that you will also do me the pleasure of leaving my house, and of not returning to it till I send for you,” and he threw on Eugene a keen look of mingled hatred and defiance.

“Leonie! Leonie!” cried the young man, passionately, whilst he advanced towards her as she was leaving the conservatory, and tried to seize her hand, “Do you abandon me thus? Do you follow your father without a word of remonstrance? Are you already determined to obey his will in everything—to tread our happiness under foot as if we had never loved?”

As the young girl turned and looked at her cousin. Her face was very pale, but her eyes were even then calm and steadfast. “I will see you again, Eugene,” she said; “you shall learn from me alone what our fate is to be.”

“When, when shall I see you, Leonie?” he exclaimed. “Shall I wait here till you return?”

“You will do no such thing, sir,” said his uncle, furiously. “Leave this house instantly; and as for seeing Leonie again, I will take care she never has the opportunity of meeting again a villain like you, who would incite her to disobey her father.”

“Oh, but this is too horrible!” exclaimed Eugene, beside himself with grief and rage. “What have I done, monsieur—what have we both done to deserve the forfeiture of our happiness to such tyranny?”

“I have already told you, sir, that I do not wish to bandy words with so accomplished a sophist as yourself; all I desire of you is to leave this house, and if you will not comply with that request I must find means to enforce my wishes.”

“Eugene,” said Leonie, and again she turned on her betrothed a look at once imploring and full of truth, “can you not trust me, or have you already learned to doubt my word?”

Her father hurried her away, and Eugene was left alone with his aunt, who remained sunk in the chair into which she had fallen on the entrance of her husband, her face concealed in her hands. At last she looked up; Eugene was walking quickly to and fro, pressing his hand to his burning forehead, whilst his half-choked sobs told of the fierce commotion raging in his breast.

“Eugene,” said his aunt, rising and coming towards him, “I entreat of you to go home; do not leave it again till you hear from me. Let me know at least where to find you. Depend upon it, Leonie will keep her word to see you again!”

“But my uncle will prevent her,” said Eugene, distractedly. “Oh! merciful Father! this is too horrible!” and he raised his eyes frantically to heaven.

“Eugene, Eugene,” said his aunt imploringly, “do not drive my husband to extremities by remaining here. If you do not see Leonie you shall see me; but you will see her. Have you lost all faith in her already?”

“Oh, I do not know what to think—whom to trust,” said the young man. “God bless you, my dear aunt!—for your sake alone I will go now; but he shall account to me for this!” and covering his aunt’s face with kisses he rushed out of the conservatory, cleared the garden, and went out by a small side door in the wall which opened into the street.

## CHAPTER II.

M. DE PENTHIEVRE, still holding Leonie by the arm, hurried her across the suite of drawing-rooms, which opened one into the other, and entered his library, the room in which the interview between himself and his wife had taken place. Rapid as his steps had been, Leonie had not faltered, but kept up with him, with a step as rapid, though firmer than his own. She was already nerved for the coming explanation with her father. From the moment she understood that she was to be taken from Eugene, she was prepared for everything that could possibly follow. She stood opposite her father, her face utterly colorless, but her calm eyes looking straight on his face, as he

leant against the marble mantel-piece; it was working with the emotions of concentrated passions.

“Has your mother told you, Leonie,” he began, “that I no longer intend you to marry your cousin Eugene; that my resolution is that you should go into a convent?”

“Yes, my father,” she replied.

“Are you prepared to obey me?” he asked.

“Yes, my father, if you command it; if your reasons for such a cruel and unjust determination are of such a nature as to render it absolutely necessary. Unjust towards Eugene, cruel towards myself!”

Her father looked at her unflinching eye. He was touched by this unhesitating promise of obedience from the lips of a child he had so tenderly loved. There she stood in all the beauty of her extreme youth—the rich crimson of the camellia, which her lover had placed in her belt, contrasting strangely with the deadly pallor of her transparent cheek; there she stood, and from her lips had just issued the promise to fulfil the most bitter sacrifice which a father could exact from a child. He turned his eyes away from her undaunted gaze. He had expected tears, entreaties, remonstrances; but there was something so noble, so courageous in her beauty, yet something so condemnatory in her searching eye, that he shrank before her. It was only for an instant, for he again turned towards her.

“Leonie,” he said, “listen to me! The reasons for the obedience I ask from you are of absolute necessity. I was not going to explain to you the cause of what you call my unjust and cruel resolution, but I will, in return for your promise to do what I ask of you—I ought to have expected no less from you. In order for you to understand thoroughly the urgency of the strait which compels me to the step I am now taking, I will first run over the history of the last few years. When Eugene was yet a pupil at St. Cyr, he became by the death of your uncle heir to the estate of which I am now possessor. This would not have been the case had I been blessed with a son, nor should I now have to appeal to you at this moment to render me that help which I should then have expected from your brother. When you were fifteen, that same brother of mine died, leaving you the whole of his fortune, to the amount of eight hundred thousand francs. This was to become yours entirely on the day of your marriage, and in that case your husband’s, whom he also desired should be your cousin Eugene, although this was subject to my approval. In the meantime part of the interest was to be paid to me for your education and maintenance, and the rest I might either appropriate to my own wants, or add to your capital. In case you died unmarried the whole of this money would come back to me, if I survived you, to be at my entire disposal. You may think it strange that my brother passed over my head in this way; but no doubt he thought that the property of Penthièvre was large enough for a sonless father; besides that,” he added, lowering his voice, “he remembered no doubt that we never had much love for each other. The property your uncle had bequeathed to you made you a very equal match for Eugene, and his mother entered very willingly into the project of your marriage with her son. The time fixed for your marriage was on your attaining your eighteenth year. You understand all this, and that my power to dispose of the interest of that money ceases on your marriage.”

“Yes, my father, I understand it perfectly,” said Leonie.

“It is for that reason that I can no longer consent to your marriage, Leonie,” continued her father; “not only do I require every farthing of that interest to meet the claims of my creditors, but I must also raise money by mortgaging the capital.”

“But, my father, you need not prevent my marriage for that reason,” said Leonie; “you shall have it all if you require it, interest and capital too.”

“And who will give it to me, Leonie?”

“I will, my father; or Eugene will.”

“Foolish girl!” he replied, “you have not the slightest power to dispose of one single farthing of it; and for a good reason, care was taken that you should not have it; for women are so soft-hearted, have so little value for money! No, Leonie, that would be too easy a sacrifice for you to make; it is a much more difficult one which I require of you; it is your lover you must give up for your father; it is my honor, nay, my very life, which is to be purchased by it.”

“Oh, father, father, but Eugene said only to-day—”

“I do not care what Eugene said,” he interrupted, quickly; “what has he to do with me? Too much, too much already! But for him I should not be now so hard pressed. It is to redeem property which will some day be his that I must have absolute power over the fortune your uncle left you.”

“But why not take it then, at once, father?”

“Leonie, before I can have the slightest power over it, you must either be dead, or virtually so,” he replied, the words coming with difficulty from his lips. “Do you understand me now?”

“Oh, my father!” cried the young girl, clasping her hands, and looking into his face horror-stricken.

“Wretched child of a wretched father,” said he, “learn my shame, learn from what depths of infamy you must redeem me at the price of your earthly happiness; or see me either perish by my own hands, or branded with ignominy.”

“Oh, merciful heaven!” cried Leonie, hiding her face in her hands.

“For two years now,” he continued, “my affairs have been going wrong; in fact, ever since we came to this house. I made some unfortunate speculations,” he continued, hesitating; “and my creditors were very pressing—all my ready money was gone. I did not know how to meet their urgent demands; I then pledged for a considerable sum, both your mother’s jewels and the family diamonds. But as it was well known that these last were heirlooms, and that I had not the power to dispose of them ultimately, the money-lenders would only lend me advances on them for a limited time. Again I wanted money, I pledged part of the estate on the same terms, and in order to renew that term, I raised money by a bill signed by myself, but not with my own name. This bill, which I had hoped by more fortunate speculations to redeem before it expired, is due in a fortnight’s time—and, if I do not take it up before it expires, I shall be arrested as a forger.”

Leonie could not repress a piercing shriek. All the time her father had been speaking she had kept her eyes fixed on him, and had felt as if at every word he uttered her heart grew colder and colder. But when he reached this last climax, terror of his crime overpowered her. She advanced wildly towards him, looked into his face, saw there the awful truth of the words he had spoken, and sinking on her knees before him, raised her clasped hands to his breast, and said, almost frantically, “Oh, not that! not that, my father!”

M. de Penthièvre was greatly moved. He turned away his face from his kneeling child to hide his emotion of shame and sorrow. He wrung his brow with his hand; then turning to her again and raising her from the ground, he said to her, gently, “Leonie, you have the power to save me from this great dishonor.”

“I will—I will!” she exclaimed. “Oh tell me how, my father!”

“Sign this paper,” he said, taking up one that lay on the table. “The very hour that you consent to enter a convent, money will be advanced which will enable me to take up that bill. The day that you receive the veil of a novice another instalment will be paid to me, which will enable me to renew the term for redeeming the jewels and the mortgaged portion of the estate; and when you take the final vows, I shall be able to raise enough money to redeem them entirely, on a fortune which will be mine eventually, as you will never marry. It is on this condition alone, that you sign this promise to take the final vows, that I can obtain the money to save me from dishonor, from ignominious exposure, and punishment.”

Whilst he said this he held the hands of his daughter, who without this support would have fallen to the ground. The conviction that her fate was indeed sealed had slowly penetrated her mind, and seemed in so doing completely to have benumbed all feeling save that of despair. “No other way, my father?” she faintly murmured—“no other way?”

“None, Leonie, none, my beloved child. Oh, save your wretched father from shame worse than death, from despair!”

She looked about her, as if seeking for a help which was not present. She advanced to the table, took up a pen, dipped it in the ink which her father pushed towards her, and prepared to sign. She hesitated for a moment, and then nerving herself, signed the words by which she bound herself to take the veil at the expiration of a novitiate of one year.

“Oh, my beloved child, what do I not owe you?” exclaimed her father; and he would have clasped her to his heart, but Leonie shrank from his touch, and put him away gently whilst she said with a slight effort, “Not now, my father—pardon me, I cannot. Where



do you wish me to go to the convent? Is it in Paris? Does my mother go with me?"

"It is in Paris, my child; it is to the convent of the Annonciades, where your mother and I will both accompany you. This evening, at eight o'clock, I shall be ready to take you there."

"This evening!" almost shrieked Leonie. "And Eugene—when shall I see him, and tell him all?"

"You had better not see him again, my child," said her father. "What can be worse for you? Now your resolution is taken, it can only be pain to you to see him again. He will try to shake your noble resolution, and you will only have the pain of refusing him, for I know you will not break your promise to me."

"Not see Eugene again!" exclaimed Leonie; "and tell him why I have sacrificed his happiness to redeem your honor! Have you not broken your promise to him, and must I break mine too? Oh, I must, I will see him! From my lips must he learn every reason which has caused me to sacrifice him to my father!"

"Leonie, Leonie, consider what you are saying. Tell Eugene everything! disclose to him your father's crime!"

"Eugene must know all, my father. How can I otherwise account to him for my conduct? Your secret will be as safe with him as with me. Your honor is as dear to him."

"Eugene, my bitterest enemy!" exclaimed her father. "Tell him! Oh, I hate him; for has he not come between me and my only child, he who is already forced upon me as an heir? No, you shall not tell him, you shall not see him again."

Leonie stood before her father; she looked steadfastly at him; again he turned away his face—he could not bear that look.

"Father," she said, quietly, "although I have signed that paper, you know it is not valid unless I choose to keep my promise; and I tell you at once that I will retract my word with you if you force me to break my promise to Eugene that I would see him again."

M. de Penthièvre knew from the tone of her voice that she was determined, and that his efforts to induce her to comply with his wishes would be useless unless he promised not to oppose her determination to see Eugene again; so he said she should; and warning her not to say anything to her mother about the forged bill, he led her out of the library.

In the half confession which he had made to Leonie, her father had only told her what he thought necessary to induce her to sign the written promise he wanted. It was at the gaming-table that he had made those unfortunate speculations of which he had spoken to Leonie, and a great part of his hatred for Eugene arose from his being aware that he suspected him, for he knew that he had seen him that morning coming out of the gaming-house, where he had spent half the night.

When the brother died who left all his money to Leonie, her father was already deeply embarrassed. That brother had lingered for some years between life and death, and Leonie's father reckoned so fully on being his heir, that he never hesitated to raise money upon jewels and property not his own, which he fully expected to be able to redeem before many months. Left sole guardian to Eugene by his sister's husband, he had no difficulty in obtaining either the jewels or the title-deeds necessary for this transaction. But when his brother, who knew his gambling propensity, died, and left all his money to Leonie, he was not only keenly disappointed, but cruelly embarrassed. He entered all the more willingly into the plan of betrothing the cousins, since he hoped thereby to gain an influence over his nephew, which would induce him to waive his claims to the mortgaged property, if still unredeemed, when he attained the age of five-and-twenty—the age his father had appointed for him to come into the full possession of his estate. He then plunged more deeply into the wild hazards of the gaming-table, in the vain hope of some successful chance enabling him to free himself from an embarrassment which a succession of ill-luck only deepened.

After a hundred mad expedients for temporary relief, he found himself on the eve of being detected not only as a forger, but also as an embezzler of property to which he was guardian, and the only plan he could devise for safety was to induce his daughter to take the veil, and become virtually dead to the world, so that he might raise money on her fortune, which would at her death be then at his own disposal. It would be three years before she could take the final vows; but the money he would receive as soon as she entered the convent would enable him to redeem the forged bill before it became due. Eugene would not be five-and-twenty until six months after she took the veil, so that with the money he would then receive he would be quite able to redeem the property of which he would then have to give up the guardianship. He really meant it when he told Leonie that he hated Eugene. He did hate him with all the inveterate hatred of a man who knew he had injured him deeply.

It was on this account too—to redeem Eugene's property—that he had plunged deeper into embarrassment, which forced him to insist upon the barbarous determination of sacrificing his daughter's happiness—to take from Eugene the bride he had not only given to him of his own accord, but had actually offered to him. And this he meant to do without giving any other reason for it than as another act of his own free will. For although to pacify Leonie, he had promised to allow her to perform her promise to Eugene that she would see him again, he did not mean to give her the chance. He thought that if he could once get Leonie safe into the convent he could easily frighten her into a fulfillment of her promise to remain there. He did not mean either that Eugene should know the full extent of his guilt, or his embezzlement of property not his own; and he so watched Leonie and kept so constantly with her, that she was in despair when the hours advanced, and her father still kept putting her off with promises which she began to see he did not mean to fulfill.

At length he was called away by a person who insisted upon seeing him. Leonie observed that her father turned pale as he received the card bearing the name of his importunate visitor, and he obeyed the summons with the air of a person who knew that he must. It was then her mother told her that Eugene was waiting to see her in the Lady Chapel of Notre Dame. Finding that her husband kept putting Leonie off with promises which she felt sure he meant to evade, she had sent to tell Eugene to go there and wait till he saw her or had a message from her. It was nearer to them than his lodgings in the Chaussee D'Antin, and in so large a church, in its deep chapels, their meeting was less likely to be interrupted. Besides which, her father, when he missed her, would not think she had gone there.

Putting on a black coat and veil, which her mother's trembling hand assisted her to fasten, Leonie, followed by Françoise, her mother's maid, hastened towards the cathedral, where Eugene must have been waiting since half past three, and now it was nearly six.

#### CHAPTER III.

WHEN Eugene received his aunt's message, to be in the Lady Chapel of Notre Dame, at half past three, he never waited to learn what o'clock it then was, but had set out instantly for the place where he hoped to see Leonie again. He was in a state well nigh bordering on distraction. What could be the reason which made his uncle break faith with him? What had he done to deserve that Leonie should be taken from him? He had never anticipated such a sentence, though he had feared much delay to their union. He paced up and down the aisles of the old cathedral; the minutes seemed hours of torture to him. Then he went into the Lady Chapel behind the high altar, and waited there some time. But neither the deep silence which reigned throughout the massive structure, nor the holiness of that pure, cold, white chapel, redolent of incense, and the perfume of the most lovely white flowers the season could furnish, had any effect in calming the fever of suspense and terror which raged in his mind. Again he came out into the aisles; he paced round and round the choir, screened in by high walls, now slowly, now rapidly; and the old worm-eaten chests, with their broad bands of rusty iron, ranged all up and down these walls, stood grim in the deepening shadows of the pillars. Did they not contain the archives of the old city for many centuries? Was there not hidden there many and many a secret tale of human suffering, of blood, oppression, and wrong inflicted by man on his fellow-man? Eugene did not think of this, or his misery might have appeared light to some which those old, yellow, timeworn papers might have disclosed. He trod, thinking only of his own grief, those stones, stained with the blood of years, still crying out to heaven for vengeance. His was not the first, not the only heart which had fled, wrung with bitter anguish, to this place, to pour out its woes, its remonstrances, before the Judge of all the earth. Was he the only one who had not yet learned to say, "Shall He not do right? Shall we receive good, and shall we not also receive evil at His hands?" Who in this life learns this bitter lesson? Not as yet had Eugene learnt it; and those who

could have looked into his heart at that moment would indeed have pitied him; even his uncle would have shrunk from the storm of agony now raging there in full power.

The silence of the church began to be broken; steps were around him; and in coming down the left side of the aisle, a group of some ninety or a hundred children met his eyes; a sight unheeded then, but remembered long after. A priest, a young man—he could not be twenty-five—was sitting teaching them. Patience was stamped upon his features; benevolence, humility and self-abnegation upon his brow. And yet he was a handsome young man, with a fine, well-developed forehead, and when he raised his dark eyes, light flashed in them—the light of intelligence and humanity. Farther on stood an old priest, his silvery white hair falling down on each side from the tonsure. Before him stood a little child, looking up into his face with eyes full of love. Tears ran down the smooth round cheeks of the old man, and tears flowed over the smooth round cheeks of the young child, on whose sunny head rested the hand which had seen more years than the child had months.

Eugene looked from one to the other, and though he scarcely knew what they were about, yet it induced him to take out his watch and see what o'clock it was—the more so as his eyes had also been caught by the bright sunlight flooding the square outside, and seen through the massive folding doors by which he had entered. He was startled to find that it was only half-past two; and then he remembered that Leonie would not be there for another hour. His aunt's note had said half-past three, the hour when vespers would be already commenced, and the church so full that their meeting would not be noticed. What should he do whilst that mortal hour lasted? He knew not. Again he began pacing the timeworn stones. As he passed the open door where wide steps led up into the towers, the thought struck him that he would go and sit in the belfry, and watch for Leonie's approach. From thence he could almost see her leave her own door.

A few moments more, and he was sitting on the steps of the belfry, gazing down into the square below. The stone balustrade at the foot of those steps, though breast high to those standing against it, at the height where he sat, seemed scarcely to rise above the floor of the landing place. Yes, he thought, as he sat there, he had nothing to do but to rise and fling himself down; nothing would arrest his progress till he reached the stones some hundred feet below. There would be an end to his misery at once. And why should he not do it? Why drag on a miserable existence, such as his was likely to be, separated from Leonie, from her he loved with a passion of which till now he had not any idea? Yes, separated; for could she withstand her father's commands? Perhaps even now their fate was decided. She had perhaps herself consented to that separation worse than death. The thought was distraction. He rose from the step—he would have missed his footing if by an instinct of self-preservation he had not clung to one of the lower beams from which the bells were hung. By a strange contraction of the human mind, he who only a few moments before thought death an easy refuge from his grief, now felt a cold shudder run through him, as re-steadying himself on the steps he looked down into the depths below.

At this moment the bells began to move slowly; those gigantic old bells of Notre Dame, as if he had communicated motion to them, by catching hold of the beam which had saved him from death. Slowly they moved at first, the sound clanging through the air with a noise that seemed to rend his ears asunder. Then, soon, in full peal, the bells swung to and fro, with a rapidity which almost made him dizzy. He could see the huge dark living forms passing rapidly above him between the beams of massive wood which supported them. They were chiming for vespers. At first he thought he would flee from the dreadful noise, but he remained, and the loud tumult seemed, for the instant, to quell the wild tumult in his heart; and he stood still, his arm resting upon the enormous beam, quivering like an aspen leaf beneath the strong vibration of the air. For how many generations had these bells rung out peals of joy, of triumph—sounds of alarm, wails of despair! They had tolled the passing bell for kings; they had pealed for the coronation of emperors; and below could he not see the crowds which had swarmed that square, crowds now long since passed away, with their ambition, their hopes, their passions, their despair! What before the stolid impossibilities of this huge lowering cathedral, what to mere bells was the wee of a single individual?—they who had looked down unmoved, unchanged, upon the misery of millions, upon seas of blood, inaugurating dynasties, baptizing revolutions!

Eugene thought but of his own misery, he saw nothing of the dark phantoms swarming round the still darker building; he looked but for one form. Amidst all the gay and varied group, now pouring over the square and entering the cathedral door, he sought but for one. At last he saw her coming; yes, it was she!—he rushed down headlong into the body of the sacred building, but he saw her nowhere! Vainly he sought her from pillar to pillar, from chapel to chapel, amongst the crowd of kneeling worshippers; and whilst the incense rose in white clouds to the vaulted roof, and the deep voice of the organ swelled beneath the lofty arches, Eugene felt like one beside himself with dismay, and sick with hope deferred. He roamed about, at first madly, and then he leant against one of the pillars near the door, from whence he could see all who entered or left the building. There he stood, his head thrown back, and leaning against the cold imperturbable stone, his face pale with mental anguish, the perspiration standing in beads on his forehead, to which clung the matted locks of his black hair. His eyes shot out gleams of lurid fire, and those who noticed him muttered "benedicite!" as they passed. There he stood till the last lingerer had left the church, and all was again plunged into deep silence. The dark shadows began to steal across the floor, and in the deep chapels it was quite dark, save where the votive taper burnt before some particular shrine. Eugene seemed almost to have ceased to think; despair had entire possession of his soul, and, save that every now and then a scarcely audible groan escaped from his lips, he seemed to give no signs of life.

Six o'clock chimed from all the neighboring towers and steeples. Eugene did not hear it, did not move. Now and then a few solitary stragglers dropped into the church, said a low, short prayer, kneeling, dipping their fingers in the holy water, crossing themselves as they went out. Eugene did not see them. At last a woman in a dark dress appeared at the door of the cathedral. She entered it as if she were pursued. She was not alone, another woman was with her. Eugene started forward. "Leonie!" he exclaimed, and the poor girl fell into his arms. He carried her, rather than walked beside her, to the Lady Chapel, for Leonie had said, "Oh, hide me! hide me!—my father will miss me, and will follow me here!"

For some minutes they did not speak. Locked close to his breast, Eugene clasped his betrothed, his loved one. He felt that to part from her would indeed be death.

"Eugene," she said at last, as she raised herself from his breast, though his encircling arms refused to release her, "Eugene, I am here to redeem my promise to you; from my lips shall you hear that our fate is indeed decided."

These words seemed to awaken Eugene, lost to everything but the joy of seeing her again. He roused to the bitter recollection that this was not a blessed meeting, but oh, despair! a bitter parting. For now he listened to her rapid recital of her interview with her father; of his dreadful disclosure to her of his embezzlement; of his crime; of her written promise to tear herself from Eugene, and to take the veil in a convent as soon as the rules would admit.

A wild cry burst from Eugene's lips. He fell at her feet, he covered her hands with tears, with passionate kisses; he implored, he remonstrated, and then, springing to his feet, he exclaimed in a fury,

"And is it for such a father that you sacrifice me, Leonie?—me, your betrothed, your husband in the sight of Heaven!—that you sacrifice all my rights in you for the sake of a gambler, an impostor? Oh, Leonie! where is your sense of justice? Have I no claims to be considered? Are you to trample them under foot as if they were of no value in your eyes, of none in the sight of Heaven? And for whom is it that you thus sacrifice yourself, me, all our hopes of earthly happiness? For a selfish man, who, to save himself from the consequences of his own passions—his dishonesty—has dared to ask you to redeem him at such a price, and never felt remorse for the misery he prepared for his only child! A base villain! a forger!"

"Oh! hush, Eugene, hush!" she exclaimed. "Remember, whatever he may be to you—to me he is my father; my first duty is to him. Think what would be my self-reproach, nay, what would you yourself think of me afterwards, if I allowed my father to be branded

with a villain's name, when by a single act of mine, however much it may cost me, he might be saved. Think of it but calmly, and you will see that there is no choice left me. And yet do you think it costs me nothing, my own, my betrothed, my well-beloved Eugene? Would it not have been a thousand times worse if my father had ordered me to marry another?—and he might have done so!"

"But in a convent you will be none the less lost to me, Leonie!" groaned the young man.

"Separated from you for this life, my Eugene, but not lost to you," replied Leonie; "I shall still be yours! Although the bride of Heaven, I may still pray for you, and carry your name in my heart, and some day we shall meet again, where no earthly power can sever us."

"Oh, Leonie, Leonie," said Eugene, "have you thought of the dreadful life it will be to me without you, to you without me; of what you will have to bear through long years, without hope? It is indeed an easy thing to say farewell; but do you know what it will be to bear that long farewell? Do you know the yearning which only increases in intensity, in pain, the longer those we love are absent from us? Oh, if you were dead, and lying on your bier, it would still be a moment full of anguish to part from you, but nothing compared to this living death, from whose relentless grasp you will in vain seek to escape, when no escape is possible. I cannot look on your calm, beautiful face, and think of it!"

"Eugene, Eugene," said the poor girl, tears streaming down from her soft eyes, "is this the help which I have a right to expect you to give me in order to accomplish what you know must cost me more than I can ever tell you? Oh, for pity's sake, do not make me regret that I insisted on this last interview. I thought I owed it to you to see you again, to give you the reasons which make our separation an inevitable necessity. I thought that you would give me the strength and comfort of your consent and approbation under such dreadful circumstances; but you wring my already torn heart by your wild remonstrances, by the cruel pictures which you draw of our mutual misery. Alas, alas! have I not before me the long torture of our separated lives? I have need of all the strength I can command to enable me to fulfil the promise which I have given; yet you take away even the little I possess, and leave me weak and powerless indeed!"

"Consent!" said Eugene. "I consent tamely that you should bury yourself, your beauty, your youth, your love, in a convent! Never—never—never!" almost shrieked the young man, "my own—my loved one—my bride—my wife!" and he caught hold of her, and clasped her passionately in his arms. "Yes, I will bear you away—now—this very instant. I will carry you where he will never find you, mine, mine—no one shall tear you from me!"

A heavy blow descended upon Eugene's head; he reeled beneath it. A strong arm tore Leonie from his grasp, and in another moment he stood confronting Leonie's father, who with one arm clasped his daughter, whilst with the other he prepared to ward off the attack which Eugene was ready to make on him.

"Eugene! for Heaven's sake!—he is my father!" implored Leonie.

Eugene felt powerless before that imploring voice, those streaming eyes, but he glared mute defiance at his uncle.

"You thought you had her, villain!" said his uncle. "You would steal my child from me—seduce her love from me—from me who gave her life! You were going to take her where I should never and her. It is I who will take her where you will never see her again!"

"Leonie!" implored the young man, as he advanced towards her, "Leonie, one word!"

But instead of an answer from Leonie, another blow from her father felled Eugene to the ground, and before he rose from the stones, where he lay stunned, the wheels of a carriage drove rapidly over the square in front of Notre Dame, bearing away the fainting Leonie, who had been carried to it in the arms of her father.

(To be continued.)

#### THE MORNING STAR.

Come, wipe those bitter tears away!

I know 'tis hard to bear;

But the coldest hours of all are those

That tell the morn is near;

The long dark night will soon be past,

The dawn is drawing nigh;

For see! the star of hope and hope

Is shining in the sky;

Then wipe those bitter tears away!

I know 'tis hard to bear;

But the coldest hours of all are those

That tell the morn is near.

When in the dreary night of woe

Thy heart has cold and dead;

And every joy that used to gladden

Around thy path has fled;

When all within thy soul is dark,

Even hope has quench'd its ray;

Do not despair! the longest night

Is sure to pass away;

Then wipe those bitter tears away!

I know 'tis hard to bear;

But the coldest hours of all are those

That tell the morn is near.

POVERTY AND PRIDE.

M. DE PRONY inhabited one of the most populous and unwholesome quarters of the capital; in the neighborhood of the Place Maubert. Every morning, as he went out, at daybreak, he was accustomed to meet an old man and woman, arm in arm, walking slowly, and carrying, the one in the right hand and the other with the left hand, a red herring by a string. It was the dinner of these honest folk, who dated from the time of the *Régence* they had inflated themselves with their simplicity, and revolutions had ruined them *des pieds à la tête*. For the space of four years M. de Prony daily witnessed the feast of these two octogenarians; they had such a great look of dignity in their misfortune, that he had never dared offer them the least token of his interest and esteem. Prony was absent for several months. He returned to Paris, and too, to his same apartment and habits. But how great was his grief, when he descended his staircase, for the first time, to behold the old woman alone clinging to the banisters, and holding but a single herring; this time, suddenly he stumbled against a body in the dark, which had remained unperceived.

"I crave pardon, sir," exclaimed a feeble and tremulous voice; "do not stir—pray wait an instant!"

"Why so?"

"You would prevent me from dining."

"I do not understand you?"

"Ah! you would, per ar, trample on a fine red herring that I have just bought, and chance to let fall."

"I will help you," said Prony, "if you will allow me."

The professor sought more with his hands than with his eyes, for the dinner of the man of the *Régence*—he at length found it, and, in restoring it, said to him:

"The little service which I have rendered to you is fortunate, for, by the side of your herring is a well-filled purse, which you must also have dropped; and, judging by the sound of it, it is gold."

"This purse does not belong to me," answered the unknown; "and I believe I have guessed your intentions."

"You do not guess my thoughts, and you should believe me, for I speak the truth. I keep this purse, I shall advertise it, and if its owner should present himself, we will restore it."

"Well, let it be so."

The man of the *Régence* kept the purse. Two months afterwards the law had caused his door to be forced open, because that for eight-and-forty hours neither he nor his wife had shown themselves in the street. The police entered. They were both dead of hunger, and the purse was found intact under the bolster of the bed!

A MAN with an enormously large mouth called on a dentist to get a tooth drawn. After the dentist had prepared his instruments and was about to commence operations, the man began to strain and stretch his mouth, till he got it to a frightful width. "Stay, sir," said the dentist, "don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider, for I intend to stand outside of it to draw your tooth."

A GEOGRAPHICAL JOKE.—Impertinent Page (late from the dining-room): "I say, Cockey and Sweeney, you make a precious fuss about a flea; how'd yer like to be where the black sea yallow is now?" Susan: "Where's that, impudence?" Page: "Why, master says it's where the Bog and the Nipper (Drooper) meet in one bed!" [Sensation, and loud cries of "Oh!"]



**THE PEER AND THE PAINTER.**—The Duke of Somerset (a Seymour), commonly called the proud duke, employed Seymour, the painter, to paint the portraits of his horses at Petworth. One day at dinner, the duke filled his glass, and saying, with a sneer, "Cousin Seymour, your health," drank it off. "My lord," said the artist, "I believe I have the honor of being related to your grace." The proud peer rose from the table, and ordered his steward to dismiss the presumptuous painter, and employ a humbler brother of the brush. This was accordingly done; but when the new painter saw the spirited works of his predecessor, he shook his head, and retiring, said, "No man in the world can compete with James Seymour." The duke now condescended to recall his discarded cousin. "My lord," was the answer of Seymour, "I will now prove to the world that I am of your blood—I won't come!" Upon receiving this laconic reply, the duke sent his steward to demand a former loan of one hundred pounds. Seymour briefly replied that "he would write to his grace;" he did so, but directed his letter "Opposite the trunkmaker's, Charing-Cross." Enraged at this additional insult, the duke threw the letter into the fire without opening it, and immediately ordered his steward to have him arrested. But Seymour, struck with an opportunity of evasion, carelessly observed that it was hasty in his grace to burn his letter, because it contained a bank note of one hundred pounds, and therefore they were now quits.

The following are a few Chinese proverbs: My books speak to my mind, my friend to my heart, Heaven to my soul, and all the rest to my ears. He who finds pleasure in vice, and pain in virtue, is a novice in both. We can do without the world, but we need a friend. When men meet, they listen to one another; women and girls look at each other. The dog in the kennel barks at his fleas; the dog who hunts does not feel them. Great minds have wills; others have only wishes.

#### HON. DANIEL F. TIEMANN, MAYOR-ELECT OF NEW YORK.

The election of a Mayor of the "Empire City" interests the Union; the position is one of more power than is conferred upon the Governor of any of our sovereign States, the patronage being equal to that of the Federal Government under the administration of John Quincy Adams. From peculiar circumstances, the election which has just taken place was one of more than usual interest, and will probably mark an era in our municipal history.

The Mayor-elect is a native of New York city, and has for nearly a quarter of a century been distinguished among those who have had the pleasure to know him for his unobtrusive yet diligent interest in all things that related to the public welfare. No attempt was ever made by him to obtain prominence, his sole ambition seeming to be, to fill places where the faithful performance of duty was the only, and, to him, the highest reward, for throughout the long years of public service which he has rendered, he has never held an office for salary or emolument.

Mr. Tiemann was born in the year 1805. His parents at the time lived in a house which stood upon the land afterwards occupied by the Clinton Hall, corner of Nassau and Beekman streets. His father is Anthony Tiemann, a native of Germany, who came to this country at twenty-three years of age, and after looking about for a business demanded by the wants of the community, he commenced the manufacture of paints: his enterprise was eminently successful. When the present Mayor-elect was between three and four years of age his father moved from Nassau street to a modest, comfortable dwelling, which in the course of time finds itself located in Twenty-third street, between Fourth avenue and Broadway, where the old gentleman, honored and beloved by all who know him, still resides. Daniel was educated at the different schools the city at the time afforded until he was thirteen years of age, when he commenced his business career as clerk in the drug store of Scheffelin, at present the largest place of the kind in the United States. At eighteen he entered his father's paint manufactory, soon became an efficient person in the preparation of the various colors manufactured, and finally took his present position as head of the establishment.

From the year 1838 to '40, Mr. Tiemann was a member of the Common Council. At that time he represented what is at present known as the Sixteenth Ward, now including four or five Wards, and covering a large portion of the upper end of the island. This was at a time when to be a member of the Council was an honor; and among the distinguished men who were his compatriots, Alderman Tiemann is still remembered for his energy, vigilance, honesty and administrative talents. In 1851 he was selected by the citizens of the Twelfth Ward to represent them in the Board of Aldermen, and during the two years he was a member for this Ward he distinguished

himself for the stern integrity, and the undaunted courage and firmness with which he opposed all schemes which were originated for private speculation.

His celebrated report upon the finances and property of the city, made at this time, embodies the results of a large experience and the most careful study of our municipal government; and it is beyond a doubt true, that had his recommended policy of preserving the private property then owned by the Corporation been adopted, that its subsequent increase of price would, by its interest alone, have gone far to pay the costs of some of the most costly public improvements, and greatly relieved the

efficient administration, one under which lawless violence will be rebuked and peaceable citizens protected.

#### ADIE, THE ORPHAN;

OR,

A STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

##### CHAPTER X.—PRIVATE SKELETONS.

The skeleton in Laurence Royston's secret closet was a very grim and ghastly skeleton indeed. It used to track him about the pathways of the cottage-garden, with a hollow menacing footstep. Adie never heard it; but sometimes, through her pleasant singing and her happy laughter, he was startled by its tramp at his heels, or the echo of it coming swiftly from a distance. Then he would grow almost impatient of her gaiety, as if she knew what haunted him. Adie wondered, was silent, and then sad. It would thrust a cold arm between them, and put them apart; it made a third at all their meetings, sat at their board, by their bed, and was as constant to Laurence as his shadow. He strove hard to be blind and deaf to its approach; but it was a part of himself—a subtle emanation from his evil conscience—which he could never part from: his existence was such as he had made it, with its shadow evermore on his hearthstone, and the horrible remorse at his heart. He might forget it for an hour, he might even defy it for a while, and measure his strength of mind and will against its torture; but presently its hour returned, and he was a mere coward, afraid of the darkness, and trembling at the rustling of a leaf below his foot.

Adie laughed and sang on; in his moments of gloom the fondest; when he was grave or stern, most blithe and cheering. What their life might have been but for that step in the dark! Sometimes a painful doubt came over the young wife's mind. Could he be growing weary of her? was she already losing her power to charm? They had been a year married, and now another life hung upon hers; yet sometimes he would leave her at the cottage with the servant for a week together, while he made excursions on foot about the neighborhood, trying to evade his ghostly companion by constant movement and change of place. Yet when he returned to her, how glad he seemed to stay his weary feet at her side; how tender, how thoughtful, he could be still! Yes, he had not ceased to love her.

One day, during a wandering fit, he strayed into a wood by the wayside, to be out of the glare of the sun, and lay down on a turf slope under the trees. There was an opening before him, winding away through high arching boughs, and lost at last in a mist of sunshine. There was no whisper amongst the branches either of wind or birds; the very sprays of fern were unstirred. How weary he was; how dark at heart he must have been when he saw nothing of the beauty of these woods; heard nothing but a wail coming up through the trembling air burdened with a pregnant menace to his ears—"I bide my time!" There is not the peace of solitude for such as Laurence Royston in the dim forests; he must up, and go forward again.

Another day he went down to the shore. A flat of dry sand stretched out before him, with the wind sweeping visibly over it; above was a dull sky, boding rain; and to the furthest verge of the horizon lay a turbid, leaden, waveless sea, beaten down from the shore by the strong land-breeze. A dark reef, far out, seemed to glide like a marine monster, as the sullen swell revealed its outline from time to time. There were a few fragments of wood—parts of a wreck, perhaps—scattered near, a solitary bird swooping



MEDALLION PORTRAIT OF T. CRAWFORD, THE SCULPTOR.



HON. DANIEL F. TIEMANN, MAYOR-ELECT OF NEW YORK CITY. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



through the haze, and no other living thing in sight. His limbs were weary, his feet were sore, yet he still kept on, close by the sea, with his face towards it, and his imagination raising threatening shapes out of the mist, while his ears were filled with a wall that outmoaned both wind and tide. For miles on the lonely shore he went, without heeding that the night was gathering around him, and no place in sight where he could claim a shelter;—there was a point in the distance against whose base the waves roared eternally, and high cliffs stretching beyond, reddened with the lurid light of riven storm-clouds; for miles on the lonely shore, the scene growing wilder as he went forward, the hoarse muttering of thunder in the air, and lurid flashes gleaming athwart the black sea.

Worn out at last, he laid himself down in a hollow of the cliffs, and rested there till dawn; then on again in his abortive flight. Once that day he came in sight of a picturesque and ancient chateau, standing about two hundred paces from the shore. On the side towards the sea was a planting of young trees, all leaning one way, as if, having bowed to the blasts so often, they were no longer able to raise their heads erect. It was a quaint old place, yet sunny of aspect, with little peaked towers and a great porch, under which were rude stone seats. All about its walls were creeping plants and ivy; in front lay a wide mossy lawn, with a dry fountain, whose brink was matted over with gay flowers, and in the midst was a broken sundial. Two huge hounds lay dozing in the sunshine; they were old, worn out, and toothless, but they lifted up their heads as the heavy irregular step of the wayfarer approached; and one rose up, gaunt and grim, and bounded across the lawn, barking furiously. Did they scent blood, or was it that Laurence Royston had the air of a dangerous prowler rather than of an inoffensive traveller? Cursing between his teeth, he strode on, so wild and fierce of countenance, that the people whom he met crossed out of his way. He had become emaciated in body and feature during his solitary wanderings, and his expression was such as might have come over the man's face who played with Satan for his soul, when, the stake being utterly lost, it was about to be claimed.

It was evening when he came back to the cottage, spent with fatigue, and racked by the poisoned memory he carried in his breast. Adie was sitting on the steps under the veranda, waiting and watching for him, as she always did wait and watch during his absences. The twilight was closing in; and as autumn drew on, the air had a more chilling breath, and the wind a more mournful sob. The lonely days of Laurence's absence had dragged over very slowly with his wife; but when she recognised his step upon the roadside, she sprang up, and was away to meet him in an instant, all sense of trouble and neglect dispelled at once. With his arm round her, and her anxious eyes questioning him with their upward look to his, they entered the house. The light inside was nearly gone, so that she could not see the expression of despair that settled down on his



IN A QUANDARY.

"I'm blomed if I know what to do; they won't let me loaf any more in front of the St. Nicholas or the Astor House; the banks continue tight, and so far as I'm concerned, confidence aint restored. I never was in favor of labor for the working man, and if something don't happen I shall get desperate—things may continue to grow worse, until I'll have to go to work!—the bare idea of the thing is shocking—very!"

face, as they sat hand in hand by the little window which was half-shrouded by the rich yellow jessamine and passion-flower that hid the white walls. Yet, if her eyes could not see, her heart felt that all was not well with him; for his fingers were cold, and thrilled often in her clasp. Her idea was, that he must be ill, and, to save her anxiety, trying to conceal his sufferings. She entreated him to tell her what ailed him, and why he was so restless; but he put both questions aside.

"Let us go home to Nevil's Court," suggested Adie, laying her cool hand on his forehead, and speaking very softly. He started up, and pushed her hand away impatiently, then suddenly snatched it to his lips and kissed it passionately.

"Adie, I will do anything you like, I will go anywhere, but here we will stay no longer; for I am sure there is fever in the air; my brain is like a furnace," he exclaimed.

The tears in Adie's eyes dispersed unfallen. She thanked him so earnestly, as to betray how strong her own desire for her old home had been, though she had hidden it from deference to his wishes. "Home!" she responded cheerfully; "home! Grizzie, poor old Grizzie! Don't you wish he were there to give us a welcome, Laurence?"

"I do, from my soul, Adie!" he cried, with such fearful energy as to startle her—"from my soul!"

"The people in the Court will be glad, I know," said she, a minute or two after; "Martha and Mrs. Parkes especially. I should like my child to be born there—I feel as if it ought, Laurence—then it will be English like you." The young wife talked on of the future that was to be so bright and happy to them both in the old haunted house, and laid plans for making it quite a cheerful abode, without displacing any of Grizzie's ancient possessions. "For," she observed, "it seems to me as if he were master there still, and would object to having great changes made. Besides, I like the carved oak chairs and presses—do not you, Laurence?" He did not seem to hear her prattle, for he made no articulate an-



"LAURENCE USED TO SIT BY THE SECOND WINDOW WORKING AT HIS CRAFT; WHILE ADIE NURSED THE CHILD, AND SANG THE OLD BALLADS."

swer to any of her questions. Perhaps he and his private skeleton were talking together.

## CHAPTER XI.—THE PICTURE-DEAM.

THEY were back again in Nevil's Court, with Martha, Mrs. Parkes, and the footstep. On the night of their arrival, the mysterious tramp was heard in the corridor for the first time since Adie's marriage. She listened to it with trembling, recollecting that Grizzie had called it an omen for evil; for she thought of her own hour of trial which was approaching with an indefinable fear, while her heart yearned to Laurence with more than its old passionate love. Was the warning for her or for both?

One Sabbath afternoon all the house was very hushed; the children were away at church or at school; the doors and windows were all shut, for the air was cold, like the first day of winter. Laurence Royston was in the work-room, graver in hand, and a half-finished plate before him—he took no note of times and seasons—as if he intended to distract his thoughts by toil; but instead, he sat waiting—O, God, how anxiously!—as if his own death-sentence hung upon the message he was expecting to hear. They had told him Adie might die, and as the possibility forced itself into his thoughts, he felt almost maddened.

"It cannot be, it shall not be!" he said to himself.

It was not often in his lifetime that this man had prayed; but when that fear came upon him, he besought God slavishly to punish

him for his misdeeds in any way but that. So much as he had perilled, so much as he had lost, to possess her, he had a right to keep her. Then he almost defied Heaven to take her from him: she was his by purchase; he had given for her the utmost price that man could pay, and he would not be defrauded of his due. The solitude of the old room, and perhaps Martha's furtive eye, alone witnessed these ravings, which seemed to shadow forth some hidden deed. Possibly, that deed it was that kindled his pale eye with lurid fire, and haunted him with its presence always. There were great drops on his forehead, which he wiped away with a trembling hand, while his mouth worked violently. This agony of suspense was insufferable, and what long long hours it lasted! He dared not go to his darling, lest the blackness of his curse, overshadowing, should destroy her; and yet, when the night fell, no one had come to tell him whether he was the father of a living child or the husband of a dead wife. The darkness crept on unawares as he waited and listened; at last, he lighted the lamp and tried to read, but there was neither sense nor continuity in the page, and he soon threw it aside.

Utterly exhausted in mind and body, a sort of lethargic trance fell upon him, and with that a fearful dream. At first he seemed to be driven onward violently over a dark heaving gulf, and then hurled down the yawning vortex into a darkness that might be felt. Presently, through this darkness moved vivid shapeless lights, which seemed to portend the advent of some nameless horror. He



AN "EFFICIENT POLICE."

A murder having been committed in the "upper part of Broadway" "the police" rush to the scene and seize a boot-blackening boy. POLICEMAN—"Keep hold of him, Dawkins; it would be dangerous to take the pair who did the murder, but this boy will show that we made an arrest."



tried to draw himself away, he struggled to cover his face, for he felt what was coming; but his efforts were as the efforts of a prisoner chained hand and foot and powerless to stir. Then he nerved himself to look, and the old room in Nevil's Court—where he was sitting—appeared in his dream. It was all aglow, as with the ruddy heat of a Yule-tide fire, and old Nicholas Drew was there. Then was enacted before his sight the whole scene of the murder, even to the dropping of the glove. That incident startled and awoke him. "Where is that glove? who found it? who has it now?" he asked himself fearfully. All the vision had resolved itself into the lost glove; he could think of nothing but that. "The other was burnt; it must have been destroyed too; I heard no mention of a glove having been found." He glanced suspiciously round the room, shrinking down into his chair in the very attitude of guilty fear; whilst his skeleton at his elbow kept whispering: "Where is the glove? Who has the glove? Whoever has the glove has your life with it!"

How long it was from the passing of the vision to the entrance of Martha he could never tell; it might have been five minutes, and it might have been a night-time; but he was himself again the moment the woman spoke.

"My mistress has asked for you, sir," she said briefly; not a syllable of warning or congratulation.

He asked if the child lived, and was answered that it did, with the same coldness. Even at that moment a suspicion had time to enter into his mind. "That woman has found the glove, and she is watching me," he thought; but he passed her with an air of over-acted carelessness, and went to Adie's room. Mrs. Parkes made a spasmodic effort to utter the proper felicitations, and failed with a choking sob. He did not heed her, but looked in between the closed curtains of the bed, to meet a wan wistful smile on Adie's face.

"O, Laurence, I am so happy, because of the boy," she whispered, as he bent over her. "Look at him; they say he is like me," and her eyes lighted up with the fun of the idea, that such a queer little mortal could resemble anything but a bundle of soft muslin and fine flannel, with a doll's feeble face. Laurence hid his feelings under an appearance of exuberant joy. He could not be really glad; for the boy was born under his curse, and he remembered at the moment those terrible words: "I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children." He was in haste for once to leave her, and steal back to his haunted solitude; and perhaps Adie was glad that he should go; for she wanted to have her baby to herself, to think about it, to whisper to it, and to pray for it.

It was not long before the young mother was alone again, brightening the dim old rooms with her cheerful face. Laurence liked to hear her crooning nursery songs with the child in her lap, to see her play with it on the floor, or dance it in her arms. But when she had soothed it to sleep on her bosom, and laid it down in its cradle, he fancied that his skeleton kept watch by it, and shadowed the boy's face with deadly wings; he was never easy until she took it again to her heart, for he thought it safer there, as well he might, in the sanctuary of a pure mother's love. It was not strong; and by and by there came a look of angel beauty on the tiny features—a soft radiance, as if a smile from Heaven had shone upon them, and left His trace and mark that the great Reeper might know it when he came that way. Adie had her thoughts and fears, but she kept them secret in her own mind, and tended the child with a reverent and most tender watchfulness. She liked to deck it gaily, and to work for it; she made advanced garments of ingenious device, as if she were thus pledging him to stay with her; and all the while that he seemed to be fading away, her prayer to God was that she might keep him.

Laurence used to sit by the second window—not in Nicholas Drew's old place—working at his craft assiduously; while Adie, within range of his sight, sewed or nursed the child, and sang, now in a plaintive, now in a gay tone, the old ballads.

Mean time winter advanced. In the Minster Yard the poplars were despoiled of their foliage, and in the bishop's garden lay the dead leaves whirled into sodden heaps, while the trees looked black and naked against the walls. The first day that the snow fell was a notable one to Adie. It was early in December, and the merry shouts of children down in the Court called her from the fireside to see the broad white flakes fluttering earthward. The little child stretched his hands upwards and laughed; the sound did her heart good to hear. She danced him on her hand, and prattled to him gleefully, until their rather noisy mirth caused Laurence to lift his eyes from his work to watch them. The two were so much occupied with each other that he enlisted none of their attention, and with a half sigh he arose, and went across the room to the hearth.

Standing before the fire, thoughtful and moody, the same trance-like feeling came over him as he had experienced on the night of his child's birth, and again the vision of the murder and the lost glove enacted itself before his fancy. His face grew absolutely livid, and his eyes opened with a wild affrighted stare.

At this instant Adie turned round and caught his awful expression; she had time to decipher it, indeed, for so startled was she, that for a moment she never spoke, and Laurence did not know himself observed.

"O, Laurence, Laurence, what is it?" she exclaimed at last, going to where he stood. "Why do you look so; you seem quite affrighted." He tried to laugh, but it was a ghastly effort. He said it was a spasm of pain at his heart, but that it would soon pass.

"Laurence, let us leave this place," she said, looking all round the room; "it is not good for us to be here. I feel as if it were haunted with something worse than the footsteps. Baby does not thrive, and you often appear ill, and I shudder to be left alone. I am satisfied now, for I am sure dear old Grizzie would not like us to stay if he knew how we suffer. Shall we go back to that pretty cottage by the seaside? It was very happy being there, Laurence."

"So it was, Adie. You might be happy anywhere, with your good, simple, loving heart; but not so can I; I must have more life and stir; my thoughts stagnate often till they breed frightful fancies. Let us go to London."

"So be it. After baby is christened we will go. St. Barbe and kind old Mrs. Parkes would be disappointed if we went before." And thus it was finally agreed upon.

#### CHAPTER XII.

It had been a day of great preparation with Martha and Mrs. Parkes, for Adie had asked St. Barbe and Marsh the printessellers who stood godfathers for the child, to spend the evening in Nevil's Court; and the unusual festivity could not be signalized without much needless trouble. A dance had even been hinted at, but promptly negatived by Laurence, who said briefly that such a thing was not to be thought of—and besides, they had no friends. This was one of his strange incomprehensible ideas, that they had no friends; whereas Adie's former schoolfellows had come often to see her and the baby, and would have gladly renewed their old acquaintance, if he had not been so cold and distant, that the most socially-disposed were soon discouraged in their attempts to know them. Even St. Barbe rarely saw the inside of their door, and had never broken bread with them since the death of Nicholas Drew; the same with Curll also, though he had done Royston several kind offices since he had returned to live at Eversley. Martha did her share of work with a stolid, unsympathizing indifference; but Mrs. Parkes, who had undertaken to cook a supper worthy of the time—for it was Christmas—made noise and stir enough to have spoilt a dozen turkeys instead of roasting one. Then all her talk was redolent of sugar, and spice, and lemon, and strong waters; for the worthy woman's appreciation of the good things of this life was in the ratio of her scant enjoyment of them.

Adie made Laurence put on his wedding-suit; and she herself donned a delicate-tinted silk taffeta, brooded with bright flowers, which had been the Frenchman's bridal gift to her; matron-wise, she would cover her luxuriant black hair with a piece of cobweb-lace, which came to a peak on the forehead, and hung down in two broad lappets behind. The excitement and pleasure of the day had brought a deeper, softer lustre to her large eyes, and the vermeil flush on her cheek was as pure and fresh as in her maiden prime. The child, too, was decked in rich Indian muslin, all finely embroidered, with gay sash and shoulder knots of blue, which contrasted well with the velvet softness and purity of his little dimpled arms and shoulders. The women of the court had one and all been up to admire him, somewhat to the discomfort of Laurence, who at length retreated into the closet, and left them to exhaust their superlatives of admiration unrestrained. They were all clustered upon the hearth, talking in chorus, the boy being in his mother's arms, surveying the whole proceedings with an air of princely satisfaction,

when Martha entered from the corridor with a short, comely dame in black, who joined the group, and added her meed of praise. Adie was holding the boy aloft when this person came in; but she instantly took him down and let him hide his face against her neck, for it was not considered a good omen that the nurse who went from house to house to lay out corpses for burial should show herself at a christening. Mrs. Parkes made a loud exclamation, and said that Judith ought to have known better, and Martha too.

"I did not know any one could object," said the nurse, in a meek voice; "I don't believe much in fancies myself. The bonnie bairn will thrive none the worse for Judith's blessing, I'm sure."

Mrs. Parkes turned an indignant shoulder upon her, and, thus repudiated, the poor soul, whose vocation made her everywhere an unwelcome guest, drew back and spoke to Martha, who, with icy face and folded hands, stood looking on. Presently the two were observed to whisper together, while Judith glanced mysteriously at the rich lace on Adie's head. Mrs. Parkes insisted on her remarks being uttered aloud. "We are all women, and all friends; there is no secrets," said she, moved, perhaps, as much by past indignation as present curiosity. Judith hesitated, and Martha went out.

"What is it, nurse? tell us," asked Adie, in her pleasant voice. "You are not amongst mourners to-day, and may therefore speak aloud."

"We were only saying that it was a pity you had chose that lace for your cap," answered the little woman, growing red and uneasy.

"And why, pray?" snapped Mrs. Parkes. "It is as beautiful a piece of old point as was ever seen in Nevil's Court, and is worth its weight in gold a score of times over. Why shouldn't it be worn if Adie likes?—nothing could look so good or so well on her black hair."

"Maybe," responded the nurse; "it was only because I cut off a piece of it to cover Nicholas Drew's face when I streaked him for his coffin."

"Lord save us!" gasped Mrs. Parkes, dismayed at the result of her abrupt curiosity; for Adie's face faded to a deathly pallor, and she sank down into a chair. One of the women poured out a little of the wine which stood on the table, that they might drink the boy's health, and put it to her lips. She swallowed a few drops, and recovered herself quickly, smiling to cover her pain. This incident dispersed the gossips; they hastily emptied their glasses, and went out altogether, leaving only Mrs. Parkes.

"You must not heed anything that silly old Judith says," observed the worthy woman, in a cheering tone; "she is brimful of cranky notions, each one more crazed than the other. Don't think of pulling off that pretty lace, for it becomes you beautiful."

"No; if an evil omen it is, the warning is given," answered Adie, softly. "I shall be so glad to go away from this old haunted house; it is like a constant nightmare upon our spirits."

"Yet you have done a deal to make it lightsome," said Mrs. Parkes. "That nice picture over the fireplace, and Martha has polished up the panels till every one shines like a looking-glass. We shall be sorry to lose you, and I doubt whether anybody else will care to come. You see, the house has got a bad name."

Adie made no reply; and Mrs. Parkes, having culinary anxiety on her mind, went out, purposing to ease her annoyance by lecturing the obnoxious Martha on her imprudence.

When he was gone Adie sought Laurence in the closet, where he had chosen to shut himself up. He was leaning against the dingy window, looking out into the Bishop's garden, where the early twilight of December was fast replacing its frosty sunshine. At the sound of his wife's step he turned; and as she came beside him he put his arm round her fondly.

"I suppose your little heart is satisfied now the gossips have flattered Laury," he said. "You could do very well without me."

She looked up wistfully in his face, not understanding him, yet not liking to question, for his manner of late had been strange in the extreme. He was tender by fits and starts; and he had asked her more than once before if she would grieve were he gone.

"Adie, you see that high wall at the further side of the garden," he abruptly remarked, after a minute's silence; "what is at the other side of it—streets or fields?"

"A steep bank first, and then a row of houses called Bishop's lane; you know it very well."

"Yes, I remember it; and beyond the houses it is the river Ness and the open country? I know those fields; we have often walked there."

"Often—we passed St. Mark's church. How cold it is here, Laurence; baby shivers; let us go to the fireside." She drew him out of the gloomy little den into the broad light of the outer room, and made him sit down on the long-settle beside her.

"Now, Laurence, admire our handiwork," she began, with an effort of sprightliness. "I don't believe you would ever see anything if I did not order you. There is my picture over the fire, all framed about with holly and scarlet berries. Look, too, how Martha has polished the panels of the press, and even of the wainscot. We wear quite a festive air."

"Yes"—he glanced round slightly, seeing in those bright dark panels so many repetitions of his phantom-pictures—"yes, Adie, you would make sunshine everywhere but in a diseased mind. I wonder often why certain circumstances are permitted—why, for instance, you, sweetheart, as fresh, innocent, and guileless as our child in your arms, should have been suffered to link your fate with mine—why you should have loved me."

"I can answer your last speculation—why I should have loved you—because I could not help it," answered Adie, with a pouting smile. "It was sorely against my will, as you very well know."

"I have tried to make you happy—you have been happy, Adie." "To my heart's desire, Laurence. I only want to see you wear your old careless way, and hear you talk to me as you used to do, and my measure of joy would be full; but, perhaps, it would be too much at once."

"Every night, Adie, I see you on your knees—do you ever pray for me?"

"I try always; but it seems as if—shall I say it, Laurence?"

"Yes, my darling, speak on."

"Well, it seems as if I were put away out of God's hearing when I pray for you. It is not that my words are cold, or that my heart is not in them, but as if mercy had covered its face. I have wept sometimes, Laurence, I was so sad for you."

"Don't waste your tears, Adie; there ought to be cleansing power in them; but if your prayers are to a deaf ear, they will be useless. I wish, for your sake and the lad's, I were a better man."

"Laurence, you know what is promised to those who sincerely repent."

"But I do not repent. I only curse my evil fate. Do you remember likening me to a figure in a certain picture?"

"O, yes; how wrong it was of me! I was quite ashamed that you should know. I hoped you had forgotten it."

"No, sweetheart, I have never forgotten one word of yours; and the similitude there was striking."

"It was a foolish thought of mine; I have never seen the resemblance since; so it must have been a mere passing expression."

"Your loving fancy has idealized me out of all nature, Adie; you do not see my faults, or else you are fond of them for their owner's sake."

"Do not be so sure, Laurence; you want mending in many ways, and I think of setting seriously to work to mend you."

"That task will need a more cunning hand than this, sweetheart," said he, taking her slender fingers in his; "I think if the jarred, flawed, leaking vessel were all broken up, it would be best; it is not safe to stow your happiness in it."

"Laurence, you make me very sad when you talk in that fashion; I do not understand you. You know that if I were without you I and baby might as well be lying in St. Mark's churchyard by poor old Grizzie; we should not care to live by ourselves."

"I do believe you love me with all my sins on my head."

"Doubt anything but my love, Laurence; for I can forgive you everything but such a doubt."

They staid there by the fireside for a long time, talking of things to them important, but to others trivial, until Martha came in to put more logs on the fire, to close the shutters, and light the lamp. Her master was gayer than usual; Adie's voice had charmed him to a better mood; and the woman, in her furtive watchful way, took note of it. They became silent when she entered; and as her listless step seemed always to deepen instead of breaking the hush, the noise of a rising wind outside resounded mournfully through the court. It drove sharp rattling gusts of hail and sleet noisily against the windows, then lulled, and rose again to fury. Martha said it was going to blow a hurricane, as she fastened the windows. "Let it blow; we are under warm shelter," responded Laurence, carelessly.

"Ay, master; and them who have to bide it out of doors may bide it easily enough, if they have clean consciences," said Martha, significantly.

He turned round to the fire with a dark, wrathful look on his face. Adie, who was singing to the child, had not heard this brief colloquy. At that moment voices below were heard, steps ascended the stairway, and Marsh and St. Barbe appeared at the door.

It was a rather oddly assorted company which sat around that Christmas supper-table. Laurence Royston and Adie, the courteous, coldly polished old Frenchman, and the rough Curll, and finally, the round, rubicund and honest Mrs. Parkes. Martha glided about with a cat-like velvety step, serving them, always at hand, but never obtrusive—a model of a waiting-woman, with a face as blank as a shadow. The cold being carefully shut out, the old room looked and felt warm enough, and when Curll had thawed into good humor he ceased to remember his chilly walk out of the Baridann. The Frenchman also seemed in a state of ineffable beatitude, as indeed he always was with good cheer before him. These two and Mrs. Parkes had the talk for some time to themselves; for Laurence was very silent, and Adie was disturbed to see him so depressed. By and bye, however, he shook off the fit, and laughed with the rest, which his wife seeing, she also came at once. Mrs. Parkes had the satisfaction of seeing her culinary labors duly appreciated and duly honored; so that, when the Christmas bowl was set on the table, with all the accessories for the compounding of a drink which St. Barbe called *ponche divin*, it needed but that to raise her spirits to their utmost height. At any other time she might have been considered as too exuberantly gay. Curll was to compound the bowl; and that being done, the health of young Laury was drunk—by St. Barbe sentimentally, by the printseller enjoyingly, and by Mrs. Parkes tearfully. Perhaps Adie put up a brief prayer as her lips touched the glass; and Laurence, without tasting, and almost unconsciously, set his down again.

"You do not drink, my friend Laurence," remarked the Frenchman, gaily. "You must drink to your son—you must."

With a nervous hand Royston lifted his glass, and drained it; when he set it down again it rang on the table with the tremor of his grasp; but soon his cold, pale, blue eyes lit up, and a red spot of excitement burned on each hollow cheek. It now became evident that Curll meditated making a speech; for he became restless and fidgety, half rose from his seat, ruffled his scanty gray hair, and with a hem, began. He hoped there were none present who had forgotten the former master of that house; he had not; he missed him daily. They were friends; they had been boys and men together, and friends always. He had loved Nicholas Drew for his virtues, and revered him for his genius; nobody had known him better, or appreciated him more highly. They anticipated what he had to say; this good old man lay in his grave unavenged. The toast he had to propose was, "A speedy capture and short shift to his murderer."

During this exordium, Martha had been standing opposite her master, with her eyes looking at him from beneath the half down-cast lids, and in her hand a glass which he had handed to her to drink his son's health. As it was finished she lifted it to her lips and drained it, still watching him. Adie hesitated a moment, then swallowed a few drops, while her husband drank the contents of his glass hastily, and cried, with a sort of defiance in his tone, "To that I say Amen." A few seconds of silence ensued, during which Martha glided to and fro, putting a few matters within reach previously to leaving the room.

"Let us have a game at cards," suggested Laurence, hastily. "You like cards, St. Barbe?—all Frenchmen have a taint of the gambler." The clockmaker agreed; and Marsh said that it was years since he had touched anything of the kind, but he would join in. Adie did not like this; but there was an eager, restless excitement in her husband's manner that she did not care to thwart. He asked her to find some cards. She replied at first that there were none in the house; then suddenly recollected that there was a very old pack, which had belonged to Nicholas, in her box, where she stored her treasures. Martha had not yet gone out, and she bade her fetch the little chest from her chamber.

"The cards, mistress—must I get them out?" asked she, quietly.

"No; you can bring the box here," was the reply.

The woman returned in a minute, saying it was too heavy to lift; but if Adie would give her the key, she could find what was wanted. With an ejaculation of impatience, Laurence started up, and fetched the box himself. It was of trifling size; and Mrs. Parkes suggested that Martha was good for nothing, if that were too much for her. The cards were produced, and the three men were soon earnestly engaged in their game. Adie and Mrs. Parkes sat on the long settle by the fire, talking, while the former carelessly turned over the contents of the box. Her fingers came in contact with the dead white rose, which she had lifted out and smiled over thoughtfully.

Martha came up to her. "Shall I put the box away, mistress?" she asked, preparing to lift it up.

"No; leave it," said Adie; and taking another thing from it, she tripped behind Laurence Royston's chair, and laying one hand softly on his shoulder, dropped the other before him, asking in a whisper, "Do you know that glove, Laurence?"

He recognized it instantaneously, and started up from his chair with a terrible oath; his face was livid, his eye murderous. "I never saw it in my life before!—Why do you come to me with such fool's questions?" he exclaimed. Then, reading the startled surprise in the faces all around him, he added, "What is the glove to me? what should I know about it? take it away, Adie!"

He flung it over towards the fire, but it fell short upon the hearth, and was picked up by Mrs. Parkes, who examined it carefully. From the first moment of his outbreak, Adie never took her eyes from her husband's face; they dilated first with a pained astonishment, then darkened with a wavering mist—a dull speechless agony. She had penetrated the mask which he strove vainly to retain upon his traitor countenance. Marsh laid on his host's shoulder a heavy grasp, and St. Barbe, passing round to the further side of him, whispered low in his ear a few emphatic words. Royston's eyes flickered from one to the other, and then settled on Adie. "You have killed me with your silly love!" said he in a kind of mad rage; thus blindly changing the suspicion which had flashed across the minds of the two men into a dark certainty that he was Nicholas Drew's murderer.

They were the last words that for many months struck the soul of the poor Flower of Nevil's Court. A shrill passionate cry broke from her, which echoed and re-echoed through the haunted house; then she seemed to stiffen into a statue; all expression passed from her features, all speculation from her eyes; her hands fell, as if volition were utterly gone from her, and without one word or one gesture, without even turning her head to follow their movements, she let the Christmas guests depart, taking her husband with them. As he went out Laurence looked back at her with a wild remorseful pity. Had he not done her wrong enough that his last words to her should be that cruel, cruel reproach?

Once out in the court, self-preservation, man's strongest instinct in most cases, prompted Laurence Royston to make one desperate effort to escape. The two men who had been his guests had loosed their grasp to let him pass down the outer stairs; and rushing to the archway, he, favored by the darkness, contrived to elude their pursuit, and to disappear in one of the numerous narrow lanes abutting on Friargate. Thence to the open country, under cover of night, he made his way; and though a hue and cry was raised after him, he was supposed to have effected his escape from the kingdom, as he was never traced.

Poor Adie remained long in her unconscious state, blank and unimpressible as a bronze image. Martha watched and tended her and the boy with unremitting care and fondness, striving by many a little art to awaken her senses. She liked to sit in the open air, especially when the sun shone, gazing pitifully at heaven, and pulling to pieces flowers that people brought her from the fields; but she never took any notice either of her boy or Martha, or of any other person whom Christian charity impelled to visit her. She was regarded as one whom God's chastening hand had been laid with signal heaviness; but still as one who suffered for another's sins.

When the dark days began to come round again, in the long stormy October and clouded November nights, there might occasionally be seen the figure of a man slinking along from shadow to shadow under the Minster walls, until he came into Nevil's Court. If all was still, he would hide in the archway, and listen for any one coming or going to and fro in the house; and sometimes he gathered courage stealthily to mount the old wooden stair, and peep in through the uncurtained window at poor Adie, sitting like a dark statue by the fire, Laury playing on the hearth, and Martha busy at the work which she helped to maintain them. After a few minutes of this stealthy watch, he would glide away as noiselessly as he had come; and not









THE AMERICAN CRISIS, AS UNDERSTOOD BY PUNCH.

Mr. BULL (to his extravagant child)—"The fact is, Jonathan, both you and your wife have been living too fast."

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Ladies' Gold Sleeve Buttons	2 50	"
Ladies' Gold Pencil	2 50	"
Silver Pencils and Gold Pens (small)	2 50	"
Gents' Gold Breast Pins	1 50	"
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THE "PEWTER MUG," FEELS CONFIDENT AND LAUGHS BEFORE THE ELECTION.

### THE PEWTER MUG.

OUR country readers who are unacquainted with the institution of the Pewter Mug must know that it is an off-shoot of the great Tammany Hall, being situated close in its rear, and a few doors from our office, in Frankfort street. While the great Democratic leaders meet and plan for the welfare of their party at Tammany Hall, their followers congregate at the Pewter Mug and prepare their schemes for their own personal aggrandisement. Here too, on emergent occasions, the mighty Tammany Sachems mingle with their devoted followers, and in the back parlor, six feet by twelve, indulge in the foaming tankard or the relishing cocktail, while issuing their mandates for secret and important service. The Pewter Mug is subject to violent emotions. Our artist has presented it in the first cut in a merry mood, chuckling joyfully and dancing in anticipation of the re-election of Mayor Wood. In the second cut the Pewter Mug grieveth sorely over the Wood defeat, and its "in (k)need" supporters seem very weak indeed.

"DEAR PA, what relation to you is the little baby that was left on the steps of our door?"  
"He is my step-son, child."

A LADY was requested by a bachelor who was somewhat advanced in years, to take a seat on his lap while in a crowded sleigh. "No, thank you," said she, "I'm afraid such an old seat would break down with me." Old bachelor looked funny.

CAFE COD is a "place." Has plenty of sand, the prettiest girls, plenty of fish, and regular preaching three times every Sunday. Besides, not the least important—all the men folks are off fishing—out of the way—during the summer, leaving calico to preside!

Rumor says that Gov. Wise's message to the Legislature will be the longest document of the kind ever sent in. [Fortunately there is no law to compel any one to read it, or even hear it read.]

"Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young man to a brisk brunette. "Just give me your hand, if you please." "La, Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go ask pa."



DARKEY STOVE DOCTOR—"Yer must let yer fire all out, and when it's all cold I'll physic him."  
MR. TIBBS (to Mrs. Tibbs)—"I think, Marm, you'd better have had him physicked before. Comforts of a home indeed! blinded with smoke—choked with dust—dinners spoiled—ugh—ha!" (Vanishes.)